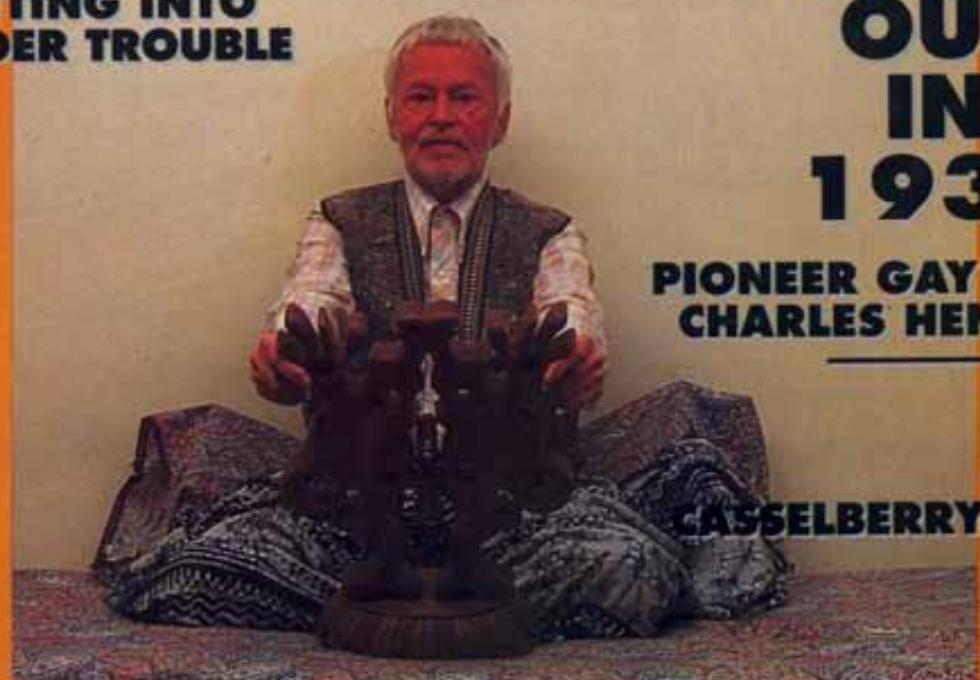


OUTWEEK

NEW YORK'S
LESBIAN
AND GAY
NEWS
MAGAZINE



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GENDER TROUBLE**



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TEA ROOM SEX**

AZT = CANCER

**COMING
OUT
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OutWeek

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Charles Henri Ford sitting beneath his
portrait by Pavel Tchelitchew.
Photographed by Ira Cohen

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OUTSPOKEN

Banning NAMBLA

The board of New York's Lesbian and Gay Community Center voted recently to deny use of the Center's facilities to NAMBLA, the North American Man Boy Love Association. Use of the Center's space had been requested by NAMBLA for a poetry reading featuring Allen Ginsberg. In justifying the denial, the Center issued a statement that "it was not in the best interest of the Center" to allow the poetry reading to take place. In our opinion it was not in the best interests of the community or the Center to ban the reading.

In matters of freedom and free speech, a basic principle holds that it's precisely how we respond to the least popular attitudes and beliefs that determines how free we really are. It's no challenge for a society to allow free speech to the popular, the bland or the mainstream. The real challenge is how we respond to groups like NAMBLA, whose agenda many find incomprehensible or abhorrent.

For lesbians and gays, the principle of respect for diversity is especially compelling because much of society considers us to be incomprehensible and abhorrent. While we hope that with education and openness society will eventually come to a different conclusion about homosexuality, many may always condemn and oppose us. It's therefore incumbent on us to show by example how a free and tolerant people deal fairly with those whose sexuality offends the majority.

Some have contended that because the sexual activity advocated by NAMBLA is illegal, we're justified in banning the group from our presence on legal grounds. But the fact is that homosexual behavior itself was once illegal here, and still is elsewhere. For gays, illegality itself is no excuse to condemn others, often quite the opposite.

None of this is to promote or oppose the goals of NAMBLA. There are powerful arguments on both sides of that equation. Opponents level serious charges of child abuse, racial exploitation and inherent morals offenses against NAMBLA's philosophy. Defenders point to the almost universal history of intergenerational sex in human societies, and argue that if one rejects the idea that sex is evil or damaging, and accepts the reality of childhood sexuality, arguments against consensual man-boy love melt away.

Despite the fascinating implications of these arguments, gays and lesbians who come down firmly against the goals of NAMBLA are vastly in the homosexual majority. They are aware that one of the chief weapons used against us by homophobes is that we are all child-molesters, and they are justifiably eager to disavow that image. But banning a group like NAMBLA from the commons is far too harsh a method of disavowal. In this, as in all other cases of sexual difference, how we act is far more telling than what we say. ▼

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LETTERS

Religious Right

I would like to respond to your editorial, "Gays and the Church" ("OutSpoken," OutWeek, Dec. 3). (I am an openly gay member of a Lutheran congregation in Manhattan that is lesbian-and gay-supportive.)

While I applaud your encouraging members of our community to challenge religious hierarchies when their policies are demonstrably harmful to us, I think further discussion of strategy would be profitable.

Your editorial refers to "picketing cathedrals," "blocking church entrances" and "disrupting services."

While you specifically

endorse none of these tactics, it should be pointed out, I believe, that there is a significant difference between the first action and the latter two.

Peacefully picketing houses of worship? Sure. Where better to give witness to matters of conscience? This tactic seems fully in keeping with the spirit of the civil rights struggles of the 60s, and not unlike Martin Luther's nailing of the theses to the church door.

But blocking entrances and disrupting services deprives others of their Constitutional right to the free exercise of religion.

In this matter of disruption there are important dis-

tinctions. Standing quietly during a homily to protest content that one finds morally offensive does not strike me as disruptive, although some New York church authorities have disagreed with this view.

As for aggressively trying to interrupt a religious service, such action strikes me as being, simply stated, wrong.

Anyone contemplating it should first know that it is illegal under New York State law. This statute, not incidentally, protects worshippers belonging to gay- and lesbian-positive denominations (such as the Religious Society of Friends, the Unitarian-Universalist Association, the United Church of Christ and the predominantly lesbian and gay Metropolitan Community Church) from disruptive assaults by homophobes.

Please remember that more than one MCC church has been firebombed in this, a country founded in part on the principle of respecting differences of conscience.

But more to the point, the right to worship is as fundamental as the most basic of gay rights—the right to express love, physically or otherwise, to the consenting adult for whom one feels that love, regardless of gender. Gay rights and freedom of religion are identical in one respect: they both depend on the guarantee of freedom of conscience.

I fail to see how our community would gain if, in the continuing pursuit of basic human rights for ourselves, we started denying them to others.

Ronald Najman
Brooklyn

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SOTOMAYOR

IF CONDOMS
ARE A LIE...

GENOCIDE
IS THE
TRUTH !

VATICAN REPORT
CARDINAL O'CONNOR
"THE TRUTH IS NOT
IN CONDOMS....
THESE ARE LIES."
LIES..."

Hay Wire

Re: Charles Barber's article "Louise Hay at Town Hall" (*OutWeek*, Dec. 3):

First of all, you don't send someone who hates the theater to critique a play. Your obvious bias severely limited your qualifications to critique Louise Hay's lecture. In ignorance, you went looking to rip Louise Hay apart. You have the right to your point of view, although your point of view is very cynical and jaded. Even Jesus Christ would have fallen short of your expectations as a healer. After all he became something of a cult-figure himself.

As far as sweeping away Louise Hay's books after the death of your friends; a lot of people have been comforted and helped by Louise Hay's books and tapes. Her message has helped many towards a genuine path of self-healing. In many instances their transitions beyond life as we know it were a celebration and a triumph.

You are ignorant as to what is meant by the word "healing" by many people, including Louise Hay. It does not mean we live to 100, 50 or even 20. The principles of Louise Hay helped us at an early time to get our feet on the ground and begin our own process of growth. One does not have to become slavish to any New Age teacher. To paraphrase a 12-step slogan "take what you need and leave the rest." You were not open to this at all. Empowerment manifests on many levels, from the personal to the collective.

Admittedly, excesses often occur in the midst of great popularity, some of which your article does point out. However, this is more a symptom of the fear and desperation and pain of the time in which we are living, than it is a reflection of any New Age teacher. Louise Hay has been a major cata-

lyst in bringing greater consciousness and helping many people open up to the joy that is possible, even in trying times and in the midst of personal crises.

David Spencer

Philip Bell

James Busby

Manhattan

Charles Barber responds:

First of all, I don't "hate the theater," although I'm startled to find even Hay's fans acknowledging the crass entertainment mechanism that puts Hay in the pantheon of Swaggart, Bakker and Aimee Semple MacPherson.

Nothing I can think of, however, is more "cynical and jaded" than Hay's oft-repeated contentions that "we need every disease we create" and that AIDS is "the passing popular disease of

the moment." That only we ourselves can then "heal" the mess we've gotten ourselves into—absent of community, friends, lovers, doctors, activism, family or society—is a kind of personal fascism.

Jesus Christ doesn't fall short of my expectations; remember his call to activism: "I am come to send fire on the earth," quite different from Hays' "I wrap myself in a cocoon of love, and I am safe."

More on Martina

Regarding Rachel Lurie's article on the "Selling out at the Virginia Slims Championships," Dec. 3 issue, I'm one dyke who agrees with Martina, the question was "out of line."

Firstly, her question, "Does lesbian interest in women's tennis offend you?" was simply horrible.

The way this question was phrased immediately puts the person asked on the defensive—it's the kind of question the straight press asked over and over from



'79-'83. I'm amazed that Steffi Graf managed such an articulate answer. How in hell is someone supposed to answer? No, it doesn't offend me? Yes it does offend me?

Secondly, there's Martina. It seems to me, judging by Rachel Lurie's article, in

STONEWALL RIOTS

by ANDREA NATALIE



RONA FOUND HERSELF WEDGED BETWEEN TWO WOMEN WEARING POWER SHOULDERS.

the Sept. 24 issue of *OutWeek* also, that she not only knows very little about Martina, but hasn't seen many of her matches on TV either. Martina is someone who has built a very privileged life for herself and seems very out of touch with the run of the mill middle-class dyke. I doubt she understands us or why her gayness and the fact that she's open about it means so much to us. When Martina calls herself "bisexual" because she doesn't hate men and has slept with a few (who hasn't), we understand that Martina's honestly telling what she thinks is the truth. We know that she's as much a total lesbian as any of us.

I, frankly, think that going after Martina on this issue is out of line. Think of what she's done already—she's the first openly lesbian sports star (or any major star)

who is coupled with another woman publicly with whom she's having a relationship. And yes, Martina does thank her lover in public; and yes, NBC does cut away, show and name her lover watching in the stands; and yes, Judy and Martina's home is photographed and written about in magazines like *World Tennis*, *Sports Illustrated* and *Architectural Digest*. Although she may not understand us, her mere presence as such has been revolutionary. While questions to tournament directors on the lesbian issue are appropriate, and this issue is one that must be discussed, responsible reporters must not act like idiots.

We have come a long way baby when 20,000 people in Madison Square Garden or Flushing Meadow cheer for the lesbian over the German teenager who

"likes boys very much." Jane Bartlow Milagros Rodriguez Yonkers

Rachel Lurie responds:

Like Ms. Navratilova herself, you missed my point. The issue is not about her, but the industry. When I phrased my question, I provided the context contained in the article: i.e. the Virginia Slims promoters specify that they shun any acknowledgment of a lesbian audience because it offends the athletes. The athletes, then, should respond. And if one of them had the guts to simply say "No, it doesn't offend me," it might have signalled early murmuring of a movement against this homophobic bigotry and you would have seen a very different article.

Until the industry players—gay, straight or bi, in the

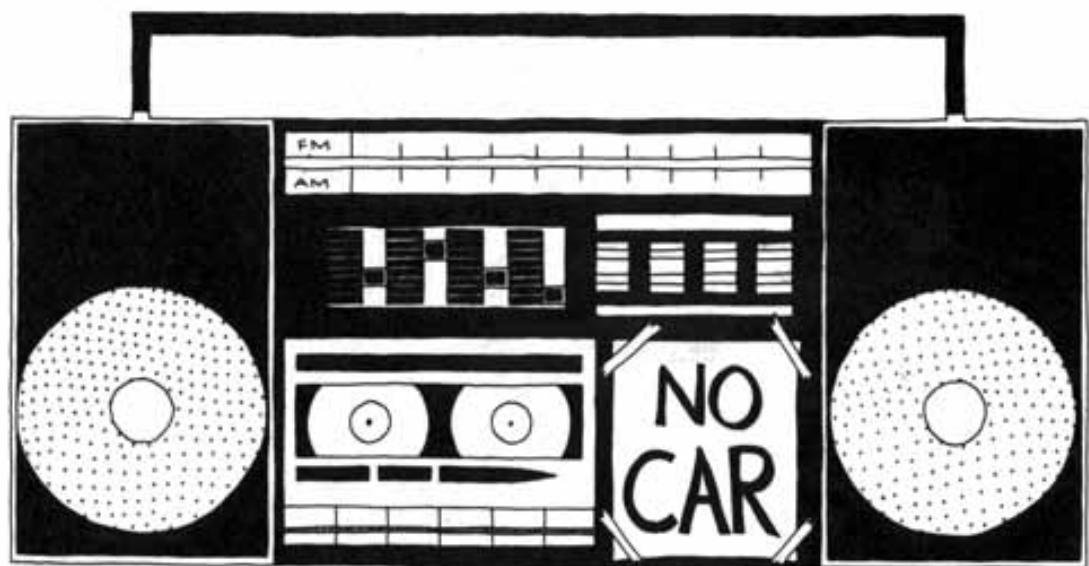
closet or out—wake up and take pride in the spectacular contributions by lesbians to their sport, this "idiot" reporter will continue to be "out of line." Every chance I get.

Patch Workers

In Randy Barkers' letter denouncing the Quilt ("Jilt the Quilt," Letters, Nov. 21) I was taken back by the hysteria that formed a very one-sided viewpoint. Does he truly believe all people "choose to sew and weave," and no one involved with the Quilt directs their energy, grief, rage against the government or anywhere else?

The Quilt is just one creative response of many forms to raise awareness regarding AIDS both within the community and outside. Its political power may be too subtle for Mr. Barker's

CRIME PREVENTION



CAMPER © 89

tastes, but this does not negate the power of the voice of each panel.

Just beneath the angry tone of the letter, there is a sense that Mr. Barker is on the edge of tears by the effect the Quilt has had, but he will not allow it.

J. Caputo
Queens

(Re: "Jilt the Quilt," Letters, Nov. 21)

Mr. Barker, you are a very sad and negative person! Let us never push away those names from sight! Human beings are creatures of sight and memory, easier to forget if not seen. I thank the people who have and will continue to travel around the country with the Quilt, showing all people the true tragedy of this pandemic. People who are loved are lost.

I don't know about you, Randy, but if I woke up with 10,900 names in front of my home occupying a space significantly larger than the house I was in I would feel a little nervous. Especially if thousands were pointing fingers and accusing me of having a hand in their deaths. Take a look at that picture above your letter Randy. How much more directed do you want their anger and grief? They are standing in his face demanding action.

Don't trivialize the efforts of anyone during this crisis. We must all deal and move and operate on our own levels in dealing with the outrage that is assaulting more of us daily. But remember, there are many more out there who have hardly been touched by AIDS, and only through education and the sharing of our grief will they begin to understand what is really going on around them. Mothball that attitude of yours Mr. Barker. It is outdated.

ed and unneeded as we stand on the edge of the new "gay 90s." Let's move into it together!

Robert J. Brunet
Harvey, LA

Sheep Shock

I am shocked at the sheep article in your usually excellent mag. OutWeek has consistently striven to be a strong outspoken voice for all oppressed minorities and women, but then you publish this gay sheep article showing two white sheep!

Sheep come in all colors, OutWeek, some straight, some gay and some white, brown and my friends who are black sheep are very disturbed by this typically white male depiction. Are sheep to be schooled in the same racist rhetoric as we humans have so mercilessly become? We humans have to help our brother and sister sheeps

empower themselves, as, being animals, they will have more limitations than we ourselves have grown up with.

Maybe you should get out of your posh east-side offices and come to Central Park and see what really rhumbas at the petting zoo.

Ahkram Jesus-
Washington III
Tommy Williams
Fluffy & Inky
Black & White Men &
Sheep Together

Liked the really good

sheep article. More photos, tho; in color would like to see sheep in more poses, shorn, uncut-maybe some action scenes with 2 or three sheep maybe wrestling or other hot scenes. Don't like lambs just the daddy tops

Marty.
(not my real name)

Your homosexual sheep article was brought to my attention by a staff member who found a copy of the magazine stuffed into our collection box.

Repulsed as I am by this, I am glad to receive this information. We have occasion to use live sheep in our Christmas creche. To date there have been no incidents, but from now on I will have all the holiday animals demonstrate their heterosexual behavior before being allowed to perform in church. We want our sheep to show no more than a natural



Nightmare of the Week



This week's grotesque is John Cardinal O'Connor, the spiritual leader of New York's Roman Catholics. Aggressively anti-abortion, and fervently anti-gay, John represents the latest incarnation of the spirit of Torquemada and the Borgias popes: intolerant, ugly, spiteful and stoopid. At least the Borgias had the joie de vivre to hold orgies in the Vatican.

(Then again, we don't know what Johnny and the rest of the gang in black dresses do with their oh-so-specially selected altar boys in the back of St. Paddy's.)

interest in the Christchild.

Name Withheld
A Fifth Avenue Cathedral

There are no Lesbian sheep. The idea is infuriating. This is another unthinking job by the mostly-male staff of *OutWeek* to reduce the importance of Womyn in this Society. We are not sheep. We are human beings who love. You say—Female sheep don't get "mounted" because they just stand there? Ever been to a leather bar on a weeknight? Grow up guys. There are no lesbian sheep. You owe your Lesbian Sisters an apology.

"The Circle"
Donna, Martine, Roz
and Kirsch
Brooklyn

Loco for Coco

My letter is in response to Sydney Pokorny's article "A Lesbian Lust for Coco." I am wondering if I should take her seriously. She presented no credentials, so your readers were led to believe she is an authority on early 20th century fashion. Her statement that "Coco was not a great dressmaker, just as Madonna is not a great singer," could not

have been more wrong. She does go on to say that Coco was her own best model, but she failed to discover in her source material that those early jersey dresses Coco sported about town were painstakingly draped by Coco herself. Coco also popularized the hobble skirt, suits for women and countless other "revolutionary" styles of her time. Her research seems to be limited to the 60s when the ever-slow and styleless American buyers discovered her signature suit. This suit was from Coco's second comeback collection. (She also closed her shop during the war.)

I know *OutWeek* is not a fashion magazine. I realize you may not be a fashion scholar. I would, however, advise you to more than scan "DV", or a college textbook before you attempt to make a trite comment on a legend.

Marc A. Borders
Manhattan

Springtime for Coco?

Regarding Sydney Pokorny's lust for Coco, I'm puzzled to read that lesbians so admire a Nazi collaborator. When Paris was liberated Ms.

Chanel was promptly marched in a nightgown from the Ritz hotel, by the French Resistance, to the nearest police station and given the option to exile herself from French life or go straight to prison. Chanel was such a cheap, greedy, ruthless, opportunist she believed the war had ruined her business long enough and England and France should simply surrender so she could resume business as usual. Never mind the millions tortured and murdered in the death camps. She actually devised an elaborate plot for a meeting between Churchill and Hitler to that end. Hardly a woman to admire.

Philip Knor
Manhattan

Real Family Values

Syndicated advice columnist Ann Landers has asked what her readers think about "legal sanctions for same-sex couples."

Here's what we told Ms. Landers:

We think lesbians and gay men should be able to legally marry. In our view, it's a matter of civil rights. Not to mention simple fairness and good sense.

Too often, gay and lesbian relationships have been attacked as antithetical to "family values." Nothing could be further from the truth. Gay and lesbian couples—and their children—are genuine families. They share with all families the traditional values of love, caring and mutual support.

The truth is, gay and lesbian couples are already marrying one another in both religious and secular ceremonies. According to preliminary results of our national survey of gay and lesbian couples, 16 percent of female couples and ten percent of male couples had "ritualized their relationship with a ceremony." More than one-third had executed legal agreements to protect their relationship. (Results based on 812 respondents.)

Unfortunately, these couples cannot choose to legally marry and depend on existing laws to support their family life. The legal contracts we make can replicate only some of the protections that are automatic with marriage. Just one example: A widowed lesbian partner cannot claim her departed spouse's Social Security benefits.

And this inequity is far-reaching. At least ten million Americans are in same-sex relationships, judging from a recent San Francisco Examiner poll that found 60 percent of gay men and lesbians in relationships.

Our society should support these gay and lesbian families for the same reasons we support traditional families. Functional families make better neighbors and more productive citizens.

Stevie Bryant and
Dernian, Ed.d.

Publishers/Editors
Partners: The Newsletter for Gay and Lesbian Couples

Blurt Out

THE POT AND THE KETTLE BLACK...

"I could never stand 'Cagney and Lacey.' Watching butch women beating up wackos is not my idea of what I want to plan my week around. But much of the tough, two-fisted, aggressive self-assurance that made Miss Daly a household favorite on TV works well for her as the quintessential stage mother who puts show business above love, marriage, security, even the happiness of her own children," berates bilious Rex Reed in the November 27 issue of *The New York Observer*.

COWGIRL COUTURE...

People's "The Best & Worst Dressed of 1989" issue is on newsstands everywhere. Imagine our surprise at finding k.d. lang amid the judges for this annual round-up of fashion vixens and victims. Publisher Elizabeth Valk affectionately referred to lang as "the rhinestone cowgirl who has taken short hair to new lengths." Move over Linda Evangelista.

—Sarah Pettit

Gossip Lover

Michelangelo Signorile:
After reading your column I just pissed in my pants. Thanks. I had a rough week—it was exactly what I needed! Keep it up!

Alex Bonziglia
Manhattan

Pentagon paper

PERS-TR-89-002, otherwise known as *Nonconforming Sexual Coalition and Military Suitability* is now available to the general public—on sale for \$7.95 at A Different Light. It seems the Honorable Patricia Schroeder was successful in her efforts to pry the document out of the Pentagon. Ms. Schroeder, known as a champion of the American family, is owed a tremendous debt of gratitude.

On a different note, I'm sitting here watching the Gala of World Champions, an ice show on WLIW-TV. The opening number is two-time Olympic gold medalist Katherine Wit doing a routine to the Herman/Fierstein classic "I am What I am"—sung by a deep-voiced woman. Hmm. Hmm. And if it's so, isn't that a neat way to come out?

Marianne G.C. Seggerman
Stamford, CT

Spell it Out

The Political Science column in issue no. 23 is interesting.

I don't mean to be facetious, but it becomes even more interesting when Mr. Harrington uses the acronym IRB in "...repeated IRB approval and delays in delivering drugs to the trial sites..." Two paragraphs later SDAC is clearly shown to stand for Statistical and Data Analysis Center.

In this situation, I find myself having to guess what IRB is—Institute for Regulation of Bodies? Holy Hell—I hope not?! I don't know. Does everyone else?

If you'll forgive me, or

my ignorance, what is it?

But how in another sentence is Ols—again guessing: Open Investigations?

I know space is sometimes a factor, but at the expense of understanding it would seem irresponsible.

I appreciate the article, its tone and coverage. It makes me think how government and science, rather than religion, can be used to control people nowadays.

Alvin Falin

(Editor's note: IRB stands for Institutional Review Board and OI stands for opportunistic infection.)

Drag Attack

You begin your review of William Love's *Nose Job (She had to Have One)* "noticing a very creepy and sinister phenomenon:" that more and more straight couples are popping up at "gay-boy theater...especially if drag is involved." What's creepy about straights seeking to be entertained by an evening of drag, an age-old theatrical device which all sexual types have delighted in since theater began? Let's welcome the straights to patronize this unique facet of gay theater!

You feel that William Love's piece should have been designed to "scare off big old straight men and their idiotic giggly girlfriends." Are you just a little intimidated by the physical presence of heterosexual males? Come on—big old straight men? Are their girlfriends idiotic because they aren't lesbian and giggly because they can sit down and take in a comedy without trying to map out trends in audience composition—as if you could determine their sexual preferences on sight anyway—to add fuel to your straight-hating, to which you allot as much space as your actual review? Remember, Maria, you wouldn't even be here "on the prowl for new

theater" so you "can finally write some 'positive' reviews" if it weren't for the antics of some big meanie straight boogie man and the chick dumb enough to let him put it in her.

You do give the play a positive-ish review, yet



you're eager to return to your preconceived ill-conceived notions about what gay theater—oh sorry—gay and lesbian (puh-lease) theater should be. Why can't gay theater simply entertain without being shocking or enraged or "bitchy"? Bitchiness is by no means "what drag is really all about." You mention Wigstock—was that a group of bitchy entertainers? Were the performers viewed by the majority of straights there as "nothing but a blazing target for hatred and violence?" Of course not.

You are definitely "on the prowl," Maria, but I don't think that "positive reviews" are as high on your agenda as polarizing gays and straights, and given your poor understanding of what drag really is all about, I would suggest that you try reviewing another topic—after a long soothing vacation.

Jon Ingle
Manhattan

Maria Maggenti responds:

Mr. Ingle: Your insouciant, and dare I say, bitchy, disregard for the integrity of my experience as a theater-

goer, a lesbian and a writer reveals not only that particularly common and sad symptom of gay self-oppression in a homophobic society called denial but also indicates the low level of political intelligence which informed your reading of my review. Obviously, I cannot eradicate the years of misogyny and "please love me" pleas to straights that have infused your consciousness, nor can I attempt to correct your factual errors regarding my piece. But suffice it to say that blithely welcoming straights to patronize our community, as you suggest, is the same as welcoming them to continue their years of institutionalized hatred for our existence. To think that a lesbian theater reviewer has enough power to actually "polarize" gays and straights is indeed the very height of willful ignorance. May I also point out that the incidents of anti-gay violence that pock-marked Wigstock indeed prove my point that, when seen in the light of day, most straights go berserk about boys in dresses and girls in suits. To ignore this fact is to do a great disservice to those in our community, in particular drag queens, who are attempting to make the world safe for gay men and lesbians. As for your vulgar little reference to the two individuals responsible for my existence, all I can say is, PUH-LEASE. I might need a vacation but you need a good course in gay liberation.

OutWeek welcomes letters from its readers. Please include your name and phone number for verification, and mail all correspondence to:

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AIDS Service Chiefs Arrested at White House

Protesters Taunt Gloved Cops at World AIDS Day Demo

by Cliff O'Neill, John Zeh and Andrew Miller

WASHINGTON—With scornful chants directed at the president and the District of Columbia police, 78 demonstrators, including the executive directors of many AIDS service organizations from around the country, were arrested in front of the White House Dec. 1, World AIDS Day, in an act of civil disobedience intended to raise awareness of the

mounting AIDS caseload nationwide.

Alternately led or carried away by metro D.C. police officers—nearly all of whom were wearing clear plastic gloves—the protesters, wearing everything from tailored suits to jeans, yelled angry slogans decrying what they called the government's inadequate response to the AIDS epidemic. Jeffrey Braff, the newly-appointed executive director of New York's Gay Men's Health Crisis, the largest AIDS organization in the country, was among those

handcuffed and taken into custody.

And one unexpected outcome of the day's events was the formation of "a coalition of people who don't often work together," according to Eve Faber, who worked with the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force as the action's national coordinator. "People who are often at odds were forced to sit in the same jail cell," referring to the day's odd collection of well-paid executives in business garb and seasoned activists accustomed to lying



BLEAK HOUSE
AIDS execs get down at the White House

Photo: Patsy Lynch

down in the street.

"We die, they do nothing!" the more than 200 protesters repeatedly chanted. While some lay down in the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue, others drew chalk outlines of their bodies on the pavement. For roughly five minutes, the activists sat in the street chanting before they were taken away by police, many of whom wore plastic gloves. Midway through the action, one homeless man, who appeared to have been sleeping in the adjacent park, pushed his way through the crowd and sat in the street, enthusiastically joining in the activists' chants.

Activists helped him out of the street shortly before the police were ready to take him away, and he was not arrested.

Seventy-eight protesters from 11 states, 15 cities and over 50 different organizations were charged with blocking traffic, a minor violation, paid a \$50 fine and were released shortly afterwards, according to Faber.

According to event organizer Sue Hyde, a staff member of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, police officials had given event organizers assurances that the officers would not wear the plastic gloves as they have at AIDS-related protests in past years.

The activists claim that the glove-wearing is based on misinformation on the transmission of AIDS, which cannot be contracted through casual



MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE
Snake dance at the snake pit, Washington, D.C.

Photo: Patsy Lynch

contact. Police officers at the demonstration would not comment on why they wore the gloves. The protesters, for their part, reacted with a mixture of seriousness and joviality. Members of Oppression Under Target (OUT!), an ACT UP-like group based in D.C., snake-danced through the street as protesters-turned poets taunted the large police contingent loading detainees in three Metro D.C. buses conscripted for the arrests. "They'll see you on the news," they shouted,

"your gloves don't match your shoes."

Those arrested comprised a disparate group, part of a gathering of over 200 activists attending a World AIDS Day Rally in Lafayette Park across the street from the White House which sought to raise public attention to what they called government inaction in the face of the deadliest epidemic in modern history.

Opening the rally which preceded the civil disobedience action, NGLTF Executive Director Urvashi Vaid welcomed the crowd to the "world capital of AIDS neglect," and called attention to the diverse group of people with AIDS and HIV, AIDS activists, lobbyists, volunteers and executive directors of AIDS service organizations who would all be risking arrest.

"These [AIDS service] organizations are the front line in this country's response to AIDS," bellowed Vaid. "And believe me, my friends, it is a line that has been paid for, cared for, nurtured, not by government, certainly not by this [Bush] administration, but by we, the people of this country!"

The day before the demonstration, the Bush White House issued a statement addressing World AIDS Day. Calling the activists' demonstration a "commemoration...to remember all those with HIV infection and all who have died from it," the White House



IGNORANCE IS BUSH

David Barr, Tim Sweeney, Urvashi Vaid and others march on the White House

Photo: Patsy Lynch

statement added, "Though the [AIDS] problem is great and taxing our health care system now, far greater difficulties await us in terms of human suffering in terms of health care."

Calling the statement "too despicable" to read in its entirety, Vaid read portions of it to the crowd, which then broke into chants of "Bush, open your eyes and see, AIDS is a state of emergency!" Vaid was later arrested with the others.

Bush, en route to the Dec. 2 U.S./Soviet summit in Malta, was not at the White House during the demonstration.

The White House statement also noted that resources have been committed to AIDS services at what it called an "unprecedented rate," a statement which was greeted with angry chants by the demonstrators. Over 100,000 Americans have been diagnosed with AIDS; more than half have died.

Some experts expect the total to top 200,000 in less than a year.

"We do not have the resources in our groups to meet this challenge," stated Paul Boneberg, executive director of the San Francisco-based Mobilization Against AIDS, who lambasted the high costs of AIDS drugs, the lack of adequate access to health care in the U.S., a national AIDS strategy and the shortage of leadership on AIDS from the administration.

"If we had any illusions about George Bush," said Boneberg, "it ended on one symbolic day [Oct. 6], one block from the White House when the nation's families who were stricken with this disease were gathered in mourning around the AIDS quilt. And, literally, as they were weeping around their children's panels, the president got in his helicopter and flew over the Quilt with utter contempt."

"Mr. President," Boneberg added, "it couldn't have been worse if you had walked onto the Quilt and spit on it. It was absolute contempt for the people who are living and fighting AIDS every day."

"Blacks, Latinos, Asians and Native Americans diagnosed with AIDS are approaching 50 percent of all reported cases," said Gil Gerald, of the Minority AIDS Project in Los

Angeles, calling for an "allocation of resources in a manner that stops pitting communities and health concerns against one another."

"If you are wealthy, you can be treated and forgiven for your health condition in a private clinic," he said. "If you are poor, you are labeled criminal and treated as if you deserve disease. The homeless and undocumented residents have little or no access to health benefits or entitlements," Gerald added. "Mr. Bush, if you believe you represent a civilized, humane, compassionate nation, then act accordingly. Respond to the challenge of AIDS in a way that meets the needs of people affected by

AIDS. Let's end inequities in the health care system."

Faber, the event's organizer, said later in the week that she was "looking for a way to keep the dialogue that had been created going," noting that beyond the exchange of ideas between service organizers and activists, representatives from smaller AIDS organizations from around the U.S. also had a chance to talk with people from AIDS giants like New York's Gay Men's Health Crisis and Boston's AIDS Action Council, and other large service providers.

One direct action group not officially represented at the action was ACT



NO MORE BLOOD MONEY
ACT UP/SF get busted at AZT central.

Photo: Alain McLaughlin/Reaction Images

UP/New York, which was consolidating resources for last Sunday's Stop the Church demonstration at St. Patrick's Cathedral. The group did, however, officially endorse the White House protest.

And at least one ACT UP member was critical of the protest, calling it "lukewarm, and lacking in emotion and focus." Michael Petrelis, who is known in the community as something of a firebrand and often represents contentious viewpoints, described with scorn how NGLTF's Sue Hyde, acting as an emcee, announced the name and organization of each person as they were dragged away by police.

"It was like a performance," Petrelis said, "staged so these organizations can put photos of their executive directors getting arrested at the White House in the next issues of their newsletter."

Twelve women and men from New York City were arrested. They are:

Rona Affoumado, executive director, Community Health Project

David Barr, staff attorney, Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund

Bernard Bihari, M.D., exec. dir., Community Research Initiative

Jeffrey Braff, executive director, Gay Men's Health Crisis

Richard Burns, executive director, Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center

Richard Haymes, Community Health Project

Derek Hodel, executive director, People with AIDS Health Group

Roger Pettyjohn, Community Health Project

Tim Sweeney, acting executive director, Gay Men's Health Crisis

Joy Tomchin, board chair, Gay Men's Health Crisis

Carl Valentino, Community Research Initiative

Paul Wychules, executive director, Body Positive.

Others who participated in the civil disobedience included the executive directors of AIDS service organizations in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Dallas, Seattle, Roanoke, Virginia, Wilmington, Delaware, Austin, Texas, ten members of AIDS organizations in San Francisco, five members of Oppression Under Target, a D.C.-based AIDS activist group and members of ACT UP chapters in San Francisco, Rochester and Providence, Rhode Island.

In other commemorations of

World AIDS Day, part of the Names Project's AIDS Memorial Quilt was displayed in nearly a dozen cities worldwide, including Vienna, Santa Domingo, Geneva, Rome and Malmo, Sweden. And in New York, museums and galleries throughout the city observed a "Day Without Art," [see page 54] during which the Guggenheim Museum was draped in a huge black mourning sash that reached from its roof to Fifth Avenue, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art locked Pablo Picasso's famous portrait of Gertrude Stein

away in its storage room.

And in Burlingame, California, about 80 San Francisco men and women converged on the headquarters of drug manufacturer Burroughs Wellcome, to demand that the cost of its anti-AIDS drug AZT be cut, and that the company open its books to justify the drug's price. In the spirit of World AIDS Day, activists also pressed for a plan to distribute AZT and other AIDS treatments internationally. Sixteen people were arrested there. ▼

—Bill Strubbe contributed to this article.

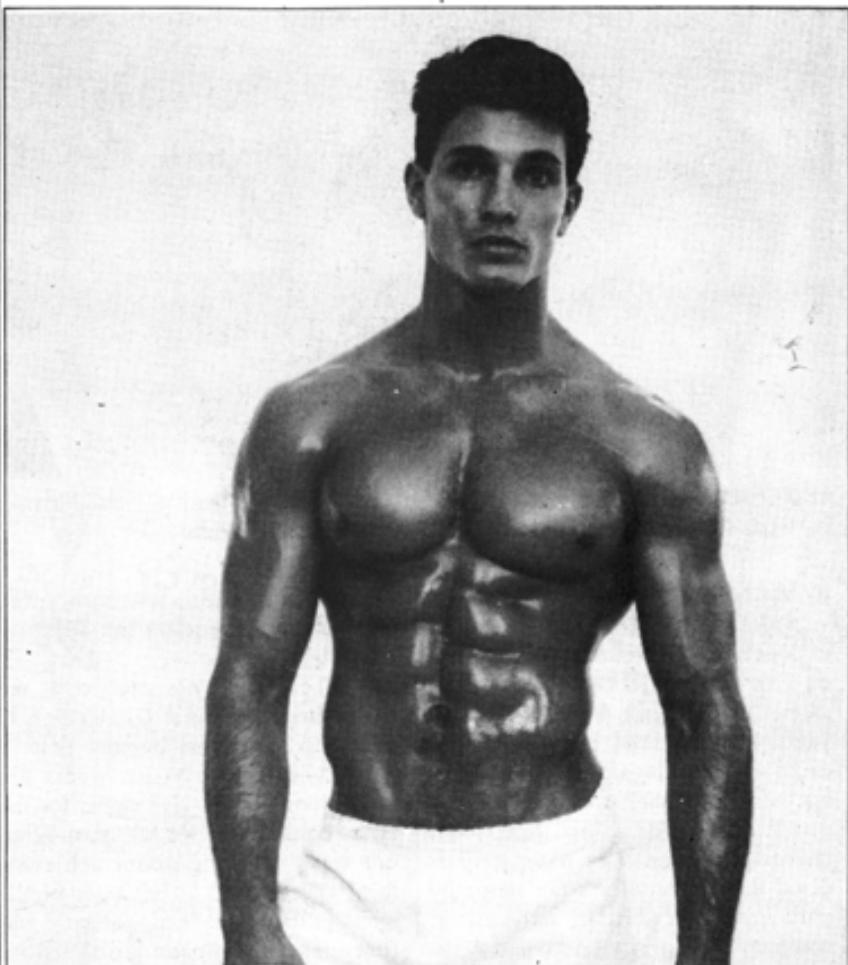


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NGRA Chief Resigns Under Fire From Staff, Board and Peers



ABDICATED, REINSTATED

Reinstated Leonard Graff, right, with NGRA chair Richard White

Photo: Alain McLaughlin/Reaction

by Michele DeRanleau

SAN FRANCISCO — Jean O'Leary, the embattled executive director of National Gay Rights Advocates, resigned last week after eight years with the firm. Her resignation came amidst allegations of mismanagement, financial irregularities and unethical fundraising practices, charges that she may have jeopardized the organization's tax status by participating in partisan activities on company time and money, and complaints that she made sexually abusive remarks to a staff member.

Her decision was announced by NGRA board chair Richard White at a press conference Dec. 5. Leonard Graff, who had resigned his post as the gay and lesbian rights law firm's legal director during the months-long O'Leary controversy, was named acting executive director. David Bryan, an attorney with the Texas Human

Rights Foundation, was appointed legal director, pending the approval of the board.

O'Leary was not present at the press briefing, and *OutWeek* was unable to contact her by press time.

"Everyone at NGRA wants the same thing — full civil rights for the entire community; we just have different ways of going about achieving this," O'Leary said in her letter of resignation to White. "Unfortunately, differences of opinion and vision, exacerbated by internal strife have made it impossible for me to be effective in an organization which I cherish. This, compounded by the relentless and clearly orchestrated attacks in the press, are damaging the NGRA," she continued. Close attention has been paid NGRA recently by both the gay and mainstream media in San Francisco, and by gay papers in Los Angeles, Boston and elsewhere

in the country.

She added, "For months I have attempted to take the high road in this feeding frenzy in the press. It is almost impossible for a reasonable answer to be heard amidst the drama and hyperbole of many groundless accusations and innuendos."

There has been tension between the legal staff, based in the San Francisco office on Castro Street, and O'Leary, who was based in the administrative and fundraising office in Los Angeles, since that office opened two years ago. The disagreements have reportedly been both personal and professional in nature.

Since last spring, three board members and nine out of 11 staff members have resigned or been forced to leave. For many, the last straw came last month when O'Leary pressured the board to fire staff attorneys Cynthia Goldstein and Ben Schatz without allowing them to speak at the meeting or notifying



DESTINATION RESIGNATION

NGRA's former head Jean O'Leary

Photo: Alain McLaughlin/Reaction

them that their termination was even under discussion.

Two days later, the locks on the San Francisco office were changed and the lawyers' files had been locked away. At the legal office later that day, O'Leary denied locking up the files. "Do they look locked up?" she asked, gesturing towards the file drawers surrounding her desk. Both doors to her office had locks on them, and the file cabinets stood empty in the lawyers' former offices.

As recently as two weeks ago, some observers thought that O'Leary had successfully solidified her posi-

See RESIGNATION on page 96

Keep your hands to yourself

SAN FRANCISCO — While many of the recent attacks on Jean O'Leary may be traced back to personal disagreements and dislikes, particularly among O'Leary and attorneys Schatz and Goldstein, an internal memo from Goldstein to then-legal director Leonard Graff indicates that the disputes are very much two-sided.

According to the *Blade*, Goldstein's memo recounts how O'Leary became angry with her when she informed Graff of the resignation of Jim McDaniel, the firm's development director.

McDaniel, a personal friend of Goldstein's, reportedly told her of his resignation in confidence, and Goldstein went to Graff, her boss, with the information out of a sense of obligation.

"When McDaniel then advised O'Leary that Goldstein had informed Graff about his resignation, O'Leary was reportedly furious," editor Lisa Keene wrote in the *Blade*.

"Goldstein's memo says O'Leary remarked to McDaniel, 'I'd like to stick my fist up Cynthia's cunt, but she'd like it too much,'" the *Blade* reported.

O'Leary's remark was confirmed by McDaniel at the Dec. 5 press conference.

— M. DeR. and A.M.

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AZT Causes Cancer in Lab Rats and Mice

by James Waller

NEW YORK—In a letter mailed last Tuesday, December 5, to thousands of physicians nationwide, the Burroughs Wellcome Company announced that standard bioassay tests on its drug Retrovir, more commonly known as AZT, had caused cancer in tests on some laboratory animals.

Stressing that such testing is of limited predictive value for human beings, and emphasizing that the cancers discovered by researchers were site- and gender-specific and occurred at the end of the lifetime of rats and mice that had received very high doses of the drug, Burroughs Wellcome pointed out that the study results should be balanced very carefully "against the known risk of untreated HIV infection." AZT, which inhibits the replication of the AIDS virus, is the only drug currently approved by the FDA for treating HIV infection.

That AZT can be somewhat toxic has been established for some time, although most physicians and people with AIDS, with several notable exceptions, have until now preferred the risks of taking AZT to the risks of not taking the drug.

Articles that appeared in the December 6 issues of both *The New York Times* and *New York Newsday* said that physicians interviewed by those papers foresaw the announcement's having little effect on a doctor's decision whether or not to prescribe the drug for patients with HIV infection.

Because the cancers detected in the Burroughs studies afflicted only the reproductive organs of female animals, however, questions have been raised concerning potential additional risks in the use of AZT to prevent mother-fetus transmission of the HIV virus. AZT has been administered to pregnant women who are HIV infected to reduce the

possibility that they will transmit the virus to their unborn babies. (Without AZT, an unborn child stands a one-out-of-three chance of being infected with the virus from its mother.)

Burroughs Wellcome spokeswoman Kathy Bartlett, in answer to a question posed by *OutWeek*, said that no reports currently exist on the number of pregnant women or women of childbearing age receiving AZT, but that the pharmaceutical company would shortly be initiating studies to determine "the potential impact of these findings on efforts to decrease mother-fetus transmission [of the virus]." She said that the team that will examine the issue will be composed of "government and academic experts" and will include ethicists as well as medical researchers.

The test, conducted over a peri-

od of almost two years on a population of 960 rodents, resulted in vaginal neoplasms (five cancerous and two benign tumors) in seven female animals that had received the highest dose of the drug. In every case, the non-metastasizing tumors were discovered during autopsy of animals that had died of other causes.

It remains unclear whether Burroughs Wellcome's findings will have any long-term impact on the process by which experimental drugs are made available to people with AIDS before standard tests of lab animals have been completed.

But in response to a speculative question posed by *OutWeek*, Derek Hodel, executive director of the People With AIDS Health Group, which provides access to experimental and unapproved AIDS drugs for its clients, said that he doubted the newly announced results would have any effect on current procedures. "The news isn't cheery," he said, "but no one's really surprised that AZT causes cancer. Lots of drugs are carcinogenic." ▼

Lesbian helps cops make Tea-room sex busts

By Robert V. Wolf

PHOENIX—Claiming that men looking for sex in a campus bathroom were not gay but thrill-seekers, a lesbian student at Arizona State University near Phoenix helped campus police arrest 13 men in a popular campus Tea-room.

Donna Taylor, a graduate student in communications and former co-chair of the Lesbian and Gay Academic Union (LGAU), provided police with what she called "physical and psychological profiles" of likely suspects.

But Taylor has not been a member of the LGAU since 1986, and the

group's current co-chairs were unaware that she had collaborated with the police until contacted by *OutWeek* for comment. And most campus gays are reportedly too closeted to vocally protest a decision by Taylor that most are opposed to, according to one professor.

"I told them they weren't going to be seeing a lot of queenie-type guys," Taylor said, calling typical bathroom-sex participants "average, everyday, all-American businessmen."

Several of those arrested however, were students, according to campus police chief Doug Bartosh. The names

of all those arrested were also published in the school paper, the *State Press*.

Taylor said she aided police to dispel the misconception that gays favor anonymous, public sex. "The gay community has taken the rap for a lot of things that are not our fault and the bathrooms happen to be one of them," she said. The fact that several of those arrested were married with children, she contends, proved her point. "If these are in fact not gay men, somebody needs to be pointing that out."

Before the first arrests in October, Taylor gave the police "sensitivity training," which included practice dialogue. "To say 'Aren't you the little queen?' would rile somebody the wrong way," Taylor said she told police.

Anice Hopkins, a women's studies professor and the associate faculty sponsor of the LGAU, which received official status from the university only last year, said most students were afraid to speak out on the issue or challenge Taylor's actions. She also accused the police of entrapment. "I would think it would have been appropriate for LGAU to have asked for an accounting from the campus police," Hopkins said.

Apparently Donna Taylor has been "the only person on campus who has been in the local papers talking about it," according to Hopkins. "That was really annoying to most of us because we really didn't agree with her."

Nonetheless, the student group tried to distance itself from the arrests, especially after one of those nabbed claimed that an LGAU member had turned him on to the bathroom scene.

"It looked as if we were advocating to go to that [bathroom] to get laid," Homer Thiel, a co-chair of the group, said. To clear its name, the organization gave a stamp of approval to the arrests. "We advocated taking anyone off campus...who would do anything weird in a bathroom," Janis Manton, the other co-chair said.

And Taylor added that because of AIDS, promiscuous activity among gays had vanished. She said that only men who end up in bathrooms looking for sex are either there "for the thrill of it" or because "something is wrong with their lives." ▼

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News

PWAs Call for Boycott of Major AIDS Conference

by Rex Wockner

Protesting restrictions placed on HIV-positive visitors by the U.S. Immi-

gration and Naturalization Service (INS), a diverse group of AIDS organizations in North America and Europe

has announced a boycott of next June's Sixth International Conference on AIDS in San Francisco and urged the rest of the AIDS community to join the move.

HIV-positives are forbidden to enter the U.S. except on special 30-day visas granted to those conducting business, receiving medical treatment or visiting family. HIV-positive tourists are not allowed at all.

Although the special visas would permit HIV-positives to attend the San Francisco conference, the organizers of the boycott say the process for receiving the INS waiver threatens the individuals' right to privacy in their home countries.

"We feel we would jeopardize our right to confidentiality if we apply for this waiver and that this policy threatens for no public health reasons our ability to travel," read a statement issued in Madrid in late November at an organizing meeting for next May's Fourth International Conference for People With AIDS/HIV.

Among those signing the boycott manifesto were representatives of the U.S. National Association of People with AIDS (NAPWA), the Dutch Association of People with AIDS, Denmark's *Postivigruppen*, Austria's *Positiv Leben*, France's *AIDES Solidarite Plus*, Canada's National Advisory Committee on AIDS, the Canadian Hemophilia Society, Spain's *Grupo Autoapoyo* and *Comité Ciudadano Anti-SIDA* and *Deutsche [German] AIDS-Hilfe*.

Boycott promises have also been made by the European AIDS Service Organizations, the League of Red Cross and Red Crescent Societies, the Scandinavian AIDS and HIV Organizations, the British Hemophilia Society, Britain's Frontliners, the British Red Cross, the Norwegian Red Cross and numerous similar groups, according

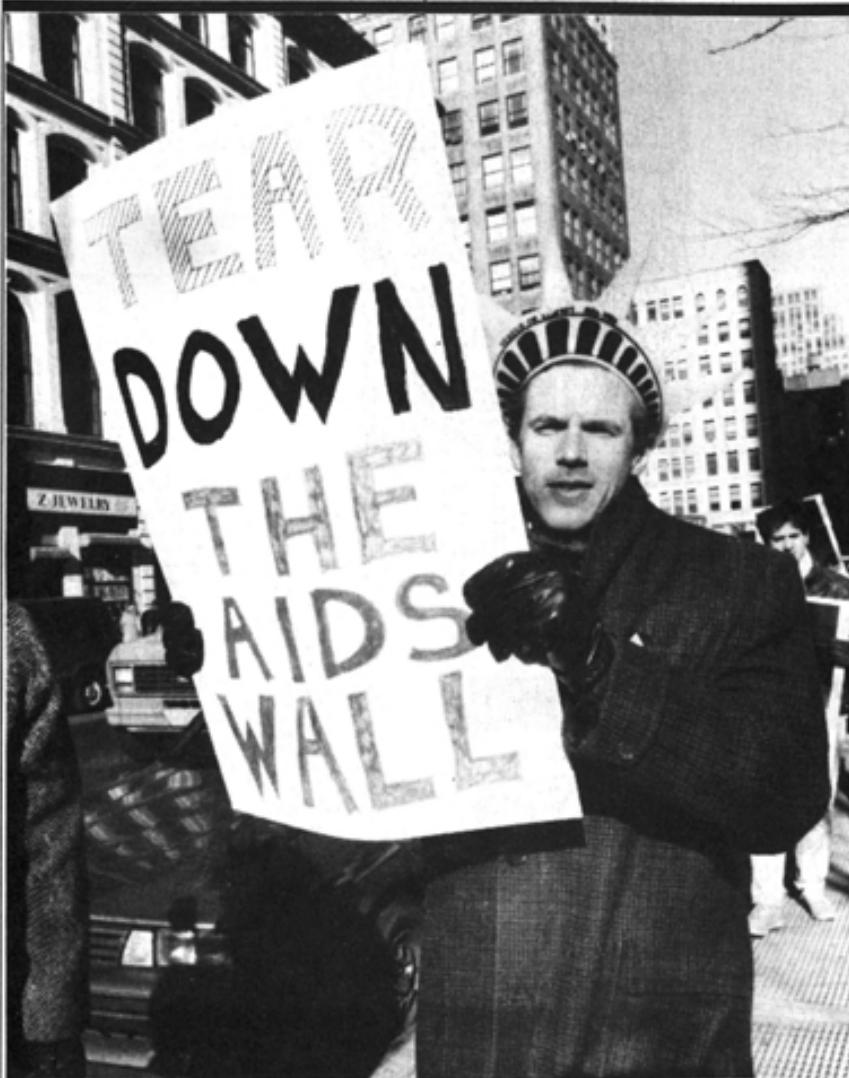


Photo: T.L. Litt

NEW YORK — One of about 30 ACT UP protesters at the New York office of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service near Federal Plaza in downtown Manhattan. ACT UP observed World AIDS Day on Dec. 1 by handing out fact sheets in the guise of "visas," which described current U.S. immigration policy around HIV as "based on dangerous lies," and demanded that the government end its entry restrictions for HIV positives and drop the mandatory HIV testing requirement for people applying for permanent residency.

—Andrew Miller

to NAPWA.

In joining the boycott, NAPWA demanded that INS officials reclassify HIV-positives as having an "infectious" disease, not a "contagious" disease.

"United States policy specifically states that, 'Aliens who are afflicted with any dangerous contagious disease...shall be...excluded from admission into the U.S.,"' the group said in a press release. "We stress that HIV...is infectious not contagious. HIV/AIDS is not transmitted by casual behavior and therefore poses no risk to the general public."

Other activists fighting the U.S. policy have said it is illogical for the nation with the most AIDS cases to restrict the entry of HIV-positives. They also argue that an HIV-positive foreigner could just as easily have unsafe sex or share a needle during a 30-day business trip as during a 31-day pleasure trip.

The United States' major gay community-based AIDS organizations all said they were unaware of the boycott call. But spokespersons for Gay Men's Health Crisis, the People With AIDS Coalition, the National AIDS Network, Howard Brown Memorial Clinic (Chicago) and AIDS Project Los Angeles all said they anticipate serious internal discussion about joining the move.

Phone calls to the San Francisco AIDS Foundation and the AIDS Action Council were not returned before deadline.

The Youth International Conference for People With AIDS/HIV will be held May 23-27 in Madrid, hosted by *Comité Ciudadano Anti-SIDA* (The Citizen's Anti-AIDS Committee). Workshops, plenary sessions and roundtable discussions will address "Living With HIV/AIDS," "Health and Treatment," "Our Identities," "The Law and Discrimination," "Self-Help Groups" and other topics.

The first such conference took place in London in 1987, followed by Munich in 1988 and Copenhagen last year. Two-hundred-thirty-five delegates from 14 nations attended the Danish gathering.

For info in the U.S., write or call NAPWA at P.O. Box 18345, Washington, D.C. 20036, 1-800-338-2437. ▼

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Gay Politicos Claim Victories in Battle with Chicago Mayor

by Rex Wockner

CHICAGO—The dramatic public fight by gay and lesbian activists for access to the seven-month-old administration of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley de-escalated on several fronts Dec. 1 after Daley surrendered on several key issues.

Gay anger and media saturation had reached a zenith in the previous week following an explosive meeting between the mayor and 50 gays on the city's North Side.

Daley stormed out of that meeting after gay leaders accused the administration of locking them out of city hall and re-issuing their six-year-old keys to loyalist "house queers" who had promised to focus on the mayor's 1991 re-election.

But gay leaders kept the pressure on, relying on behind-the-scenes maneuvering with city council allies and on hungry TV news reporters who had dubbed gays "a powerful voting bloc that the mayor simply cannot afford to alienate," during the election.

And their determination paid off Dec. 1 when Daley finally met for the first time with his inherited Mayor's Committee On Gay and Lesbian Issues (COGLI). Before the hour-long meeting was over, Daley threw in the towel on a number of contested points, including the scrapping the Chicago's widely denounced AIDS education campaign.

Utilizing the phrase "I Will Not Get AIDS," the city's ads had been tagged by activists and the media as a useless "Just-Say-No" approach to the AIDS problem.

As recently as Nov. 29, in an hour-long meeting with journalists from the gay newspapers *Chicago Outlines*, *Windy City Times* and *Gay Chicago*, Daley and his press secretary, Avis Lavelle, had defended the campaign.

But two days later, Lavelle

acknowledged that AIDS-affected communities—in particular gays, who have proven they know how to engineer changes in sexual behavior—should have been intimately involved in the campaign's creation.

City Council Clout

Meanwhile, simultaneous to COGLI's pow-wow with the mayor, members of Action Network for Lesbian and Gay Issues (ANLGI)—the activists who spearheaded last year's passage of Chicago's gay rights ordinance—were working the city council to defeat an ordinance that would have placed COGLI and other independent mayoral minority advisory committees under the thumb of the Human Relations Commission (HRC).

Activists believed the change would deprive the committees of both independence and direct access to the mayor, and would politicize the appointments process.

Following coalition lobbying by gays, Blacks, Latinos and women, the council's joint budget/human relations committee postponed its vote on the ordinance Dec. 1—a defeat that caught the administration by surprise.

The opposition was led by Black Alderman Marlene Carter, in her first joint politicking with gay/lesbian activists.

Gay lobbyists were elated at the alliance because Carter vocally opposed last year's gay rights ordinance, going so far as to once call gays "sissies" on the council floor.

"Now," according to ANLGI's Arthur Johnston, "she says we are the most powerful minority in the city."

Gay/lesbian and coalition activists are now drafting new legislation that will both protect the independence of the minority advisory committees and accomplish Mayor Daley's stated goal of strengthening HRC.

See CHICAGO on page 26

Vast Diversity in Global AIDS Epidemic

by Rex Wockner

New figures released this week by the Switzerland-based World Health Organization reveal more clearly than ever that the AIDS epidemic is following vastly differing patterns as it circles the globe.

A total of 186,803 AIDS cases have been reported to WHO's Global Programme on AIDS as of Nov. 1, 1989, a figure that WHO officials believe represents about one-third of

actual cases.

The disease has now been seen in 177 countries or territories, leaving only 25 nations yet to report their first case.

The Americas have 70 percent of the world's AIDS cases and 85 percent of those have occurred in the United States. The U.S. is followed by Brazil (7,787 cases), Canada (2,867), Mexico (2,351), Haiti (2,041) and the Dominican Republic (858).

Other American nations with at least 100 cases are Argentina, the Bahamas, Bermuda, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, French Guiana, Guadeloupe, Honduras, Peru, Trinidad and Tobago and Venezuela.

In North America, only about five percent of AIDS cases have been traced to heterosexual sex, but in some Caribbean nations that figure is now approaching 50 percent.

In Africa, 32,062 AIDS cases have been reported from 48 nations. Countries with more than 1,000 cases are Burundi, Congo, Kenya, Malawi, Rwanda, Tanzania, Uganda, Zambia and Zimbabwe.

In some major areas of sub-Saharan Africa, up to 30 percent of sexually active adults between ages 20 and 40 are believed to be HIV antibody-positive, primarily as a result of heterosexual sex. The incidence of AIDS in North Africa, however, remains very low.

In Europe, 25,905 cases have been reported. France leads with 7,149 cases, followed by Italy (4,158), West Germany (3,872), Spain (3,386), the United Kingdom (2,649), Switzerland (996), the Netherlands (983), Belgium (519), Denmark (470) and Sweden (340).

Eastern Europe has so far remained relatively untouched by the epidemic. But both health experts and East bloc officials believe the recent opening of Iron Curtain borders could lead to an increased incidence of AIDS in this area.

Asia and Oceania are currently least affected by AIDS with 2,122 cases reported by a total of 32 countries. Australia has seen the bulk of the cases (1,498), followed by New Zealand (144) and Japan (108).

In Asia and the Pacific, most of the initial AIDS cases were linked to persons who had travelled where the disease was more prevalent, but WHO officials say indigenous transmission is now occurring among persons with multiple sexual partners, prostitutes and those who share needles.

A similar transmission pattern is expected to emerge in Eastern Europe, the Middle East and North Africa. ▼

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Out Takes

U. Madison to ROTC: Shape up or ship out

MADISON, Wisconsin—The University of Wisconsin Faculty Senate voted Dec. 4 in favor of a motion that calls for the termination of ROTC programs on the school's Madison campus on May 1993, unless the Reserve Officers' Training Corps changes its policy prohibiting lesbian and gay enlistment. Madison, which is a land grant, public university, is the first institution in the country to take such a stand.

"I hope that the action will encourage discussion among members of Congress about discrimination in the military, and fuel debate about ROTC on other campuses," said Donna Shalala, chancellor of the university. Shalala will decide whether or not to pass the faculty senate's motion on to the Board of Regents with a recommendation. The decision to wait until 1993 was made to allow students currently in ROTC to finish their studies.

Gay and lesbian rights activists and their supporters were elated by the 386 to 248 vote. The ROTC issue galvanized the campus, where there had not been a full faculty senate meeting since the organization was formed in 1970. Michael Olneck, professor of Educational Policy Studies, said the high turnout rivalled faculty meetings held during the height of the Vietnam War.

"I know this issue isn't going away for the military, and I hope this action is duplicated on other campuses," Olneck said. "There's no indication that discrimination against lesbians and gay men is going away. Yet, we learned that people don't consider lesbians and gay discrimination as repugnant as discrimination on the basis of race, gender or religion."

Olneck said he suspected that people who are uncomfortable with

homosexuality do not view the military's policy as "horrendous." Joseph Elder, the faculty member who introduced the motion, said he had encountered resistance from students and faculty who felt that lesbians and gay men are not enlisted anyway, and would not want to participate in ROTC.

But Jordan Marsh, a Madison student, said there are closeted lesbian and gay students in ROTC and there are lesbian and gay students who want to join ROTC. Marsh added, "It's more than that. Discrimination is discrimination regardless of whether or not lesbians and gays want to join."

"We argue that if ROTC barred Blacks or Jews, we wouldn't wait to 1993 or even allow ROTC on campus," said Elder, a professor since 1961 of sociology and Southeast Asian studies. "The situation is analogous to the 1940s when the Department of Defense discriminated against Blacks. Instead of exclusion, however, Blacks were denigrated and separated from whites and given low ranking positions."

As in the past, the University of Wisconsin-Madison is at the forefront of social change. Campuses throughout the United States, from Northwestern to Harvard, are now debating ROTC's discriminatory policy. At the University of Minnesota, lesbian and gay progressive students recently questioned student body president Brian Bergson's commitment to an inclusive ROTC enlistment.

Harvard University in Boston and Columbia University in New York City do not have their own ROTC programs, but students may participate at nearby schools.

"I hope a network emerges between campuses that will light a little fire," said Sue Hyde, director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force's Military Freedom Project. "I'm thrilled and send congratulations to the people who worked on this. The resounding vote is but the first wave of public universities insisting that the Pentagon change its policy and insisting that gay and lesbian discrimination will not be tolerated."

—David Anger

Rack it up

NEW YORK—An art auction to benefit ACT UP raised \$335,000 for the AIDS activist organization, the group announced last week. Called "Auction for Action," the event was held on December 3 at the studios of the American Ballet Theater. David Hockney and Annie Leibovitz served as co-chairs.

Among auction highlights was the unexpectedly high price of \$70,000 paid for a painted wood totem by ACT UP member Keith Haring. The piece had been appraised at between \$25,000 and \$35,000. Another major piece, David Hockney's *Hotel Acatlan Second Day*, a lithograph on two sheets of paper, brought \$60,000.

Art works, antiques, furniture, designer clothes and other valuables were donated to the auction by artists, estates and art galleries. Among the major pieces were works by Annie Leibovitz, Christo, Eric Fischl and Andy Warhol. Organizers pointed out that many of the items which surpassed their estimated value were political or homoerotic in nature.

Among the quirky aspects of the unusual auction was the selling of an autographed book by Senator Jesse Helms. Auctioneers pointed out the price discrepancy between the \$20 paid for the Helms book and the \$10,000 paid for a photograph by Robert Mapplethorpe. The Helms book, purchased by nightclub promoter Chip Duckett, was reportedly found later that night in a urinal at the Mars discotheque.

The auction was by far the largest fund-raiser ever held by ACT UP, an all-volunteer organization with no paid staff whose previous fundraising record was \$12,000. The \$335,000 raised at the auction is equivalent to approximately one year's budget for the group, according to fundraising committee members.

—Gabriel Rotello

AIDS on less than \$5,000?

HOUSTON—Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund has announced that it has joined a lawsuit brought by a man with AIDS in Houston, Texas against his insurer and employer, after the lifetime cap for AIDS-related claims on his group health insurance plan was lowered to \$5,000.

The plaintiff, John McGann, has worked for H & H Music Company here since 1982, first as a guitar teacher and now on a part-time basis in the sheet music department, and has been covered by the company's group health plan since that time. And when McGann was diagnosed with AIDS in December 1987, he began submitting medical claims to General American Life Insurance, the co-defendant in the case.

But in July of 1988, H & H announced that it was cancelling its group medical plan and was instituting a self-insured plan administered by General American, and revealed that the new plan would impose a limit of \$5,000 on all AIDS-related claims, even though the ceiling for all other illnesses would remain at \$1,000,000.

McGann received a "right-to-sue" notice from the Texas Commission on Human Rights after filing a complaint, and then instituted a civil action in federal district court against his employer and insurer. His complaint, thought to be the first in the country to challenge a limit placed on AIDS-related medical costs in a group health plan, alleges violation of the federal Employee Retirement Income Security Act of 1974 (ERISA), the Texas handicap discrimination statute, the Texas Insurance Code and the Texas Deceptive Trade Practices-Consumer Protection Act.

"Their [H & H's] consensus is that they have done nothing illegal," said McGann in a telephone interview with *OutWeek*, "but I disagree. They

See OUT TAKES on page 28

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Obituary

Paul Van Souder

June 20, 1950 - November 23, 1989

On Thanksgiving morning, November 23, 1989, Paul Van Souder died after bravely battling AIDS for the last two years. As an active participant in local community affairs, Van, as he preferred being called, will be greatly missed.

After moving here approximately 15 years ago, Van transformed himself into a true New Yorker and quickly became involved in issues affecting the gay community. Past endeavors included being Director of the AIDS Shelter Project, a study detailing the housing needs of persons with AIDS, as well as serving as the executive director of the PWA Coalition. Most recently, as a member of the Planning Committee of Community Board #2, Van was instrumental in getting Charles Ludlum Corner designated by the city council.

Always moving in a quiet way, Van was extremely modest about his accomplishments, but he always remained optimistic that positive changes could occur by getting directly involved in community affairs. His absence as a fighter for human, as well as gay, concerns will be felt by us all. ▼

CHICAGO from page 22

And in another victory, Daley told COGLI Dec. 1 that he will await the new drafts before pushing further in the council for his version of the HRC reorganization ordinance.

A Tale of Two Liaisons

In other developments, during the Nov. 29 meeting with the gay press, Daley and Lavelle cleared up several points about which the gay and lesbian community has expressed confusion.

First, Lavelle confirmed that the administration has no plans to fire Jon Simmons, the city's Coordinator of Gay and Lesbian Issues.

Fear for Simmons' position had become widespread following his reports of being "cut off" from city hall.

Second, Daley and Lavelle report-

ed that mayoral "special assistant" Nancy Reiff has been chastised for not dialoguing with a broader spectrum of the gay/lesbian community prior to counseling the mayor on gay issues.

Reiff, a lesbian and a close friend of the mayor, was hired to work on health and substance abuse issues but, in recent months, evolved into the city's *de facto* gay liaison, usurping Simmons' position.

Daley called Reiff's evolution "unfortunate," saying, "what happened is she's moved into it but she was not to replace Jon, no way."

While Daley suggested Reiff has been wrong in networking only with her friends—who are not among the city's current gay leaders—he refused to "scapegoat" her as the cause of the tension between the administration and the gay community.

"I could have pointed and said, 'Nancy, you're the whole problem'...but I'm not like that," Daley said. "All the problems that arose are not entirely all because of her."

Advocacy Journalism vs. the AP

Much of the rest of the meeting between gay journalists and the mayor focused on whether the gay press is "fair" and "objective" in its coverage of battles between the community and the administration.

Daley said he had "no problem with the reporting, with the editorials, pro or con, or with the criticism," but Lavelle, a former journalist suggested that Chicago's gay press tends too much in the direction of "advocacy journalism."

Windy City Times publisher Jeffrey McCourt strongly defended his newspapers against the charges, while *Gay Chicago* publisher Ralph Paul Germhardt said his magazine can't be biased since it focuses only on entertainment and announcements of upcoming events.

Spokespersons for *Outlines* maintained that their news section is written in "standard Associated Press news style" and insisted that they quote city hall officials whenever phone calls are returned before deadline. ▼

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OUT TAKES from page 25

will see that they cannot interrupt coverage in the middle of an illness."

"We would not be having this issue if the Americans With Disabilities Act were passed," Donald Skipwith, McGann's attorney in Houston, told *OutWeek*, referring to the landmark legislation passed by the Senate this year, and currently stalled in the House. "[The Act] would basically bring individuals with handicaps and disabilities on par with other protected classes."

According to Lambda's executive director, Thomas B. Stoddard, this case is critical since the practice of instituting ceilings on AIDS-related insurance is becoming more widespread. For example, Allied Benefits Systems in Chicago is offering a plan which places a \$5,000 cap on AIDS costs "unless the insured can prove he or she acquired the virus *involuntarily*," according to Stoddard. Similar cases have been reported in Florida and Indiana and other insurance plans have sought to exclude AIDS-related coverage altogether, Stoddard said.

"The bottom line is the almighty dollar," continued Skipwith. "They see an opportunity to cut their costs and they go for it. They say 'to hell with these people.' [The insurance industry] has been given *carte blanche* to terminate any insured individual whose health condition they have determined is too costly to allow them to continue to make their expected profits." Spokespersons for H & H Music Co. and General American Life Insurance were unavailable for comment.

McGann's complaint seeks reinstatement of his previous benefits and actual, compensatory and punitive damages, together with court costs and attorneys' fees. In the meantime, McGann continues to work for H & H Music Co.

—Keith Miller

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Identify and Label

I was shocked by the lack of protest at outgoing City Health Commissioner Stephen Joseph's latest call for mandatory reporting of the names of people testing HIV antibody positive and contact tracing.

Perhaps the announcement passed with so little response because Joseph is a lame duck who is leaving his post at the end of December anyway. But to look at Joseph's effort as the misguided mission of a single departing official is a real mistake. After all, this latest call for mandatory reporting and contact tracing received the enthusiastic support of the all-powerful *New York Times*. In an editorial the next day, the *Times* virtually canonized Joseph:

"When historians ask what specific actions by New York City or State helped curb the spread of AIDS, they may find little to report, except that Stephen Joseph raised, and fought for, the right causes."

The issue is being framed in terms of "innocent" victims who must be alerted through contact tracing that they may have been infected. In its patronizing tone, the *Times* writes, "Gay men are well informed about these drugs, but contact tracing would help inform inner-city women who have no knowledge of their risks and remedies." Are we to understand that coercion is the only way to reach these "unknowing victims?"

With effective AIDS education and available medical care, knowledge about risks and remedies and choices would be widespread. The Joseph/*Times* proposal, mandatory reporting of the names of HIV-infected

individuals and contact tracing, would be counter-productive in the fight against AIDS.

It would discourage HIV testing. If people know that their names and test results are being reported, and that they will be required to report the names of people they've had sex or shared needles with, many people who consider themselves at risk, who want to learn their status, will be discouraged from doing so. It will keep them in the dark, and away from health care and treatment.

It would drain resources. Imagine

testing and mandatory reporting and contact tracing ahead of treatment and education, is to give in to the coercive, social control approach to AIDS.

Now think about the federal government's AIDS agenda. The federal AIDS medical research program has yielded little and will be stalled for the coming nine months; progress has come out of places like New York's Community Research Initiative, where the tests for aerosolized pentamidine were conducted, and which the feds refuse to fund. In case after

case, the Food and Drug Administration has refused to release promising drugs until AIDS activists literally forced them to. While boasting of AIDS treatment advances, the Secretary of Health and Human Services,

Dr. Louis Sullivan, says localities will be given federal funds for HIV testing, but not for treatment. If you think the United States government wants to help people with AIDS survive, dream on.

The real federal agenda for AIDS has been consistent from day one: Identify and label.

It is a program of social control, punctuated by the Buckleys, Helmses and Dannemeyers who dare suggest tattooing, quarantine and camps. For them and millions of Americans, AIDS is a godsend, killing off undesirable fags and junkies, and providing a convenient punishment to discourage deviant behavior. If they thought they could get away with it and save a few bucks, universal testing and quarantine in concentration camps would be instituted.

Think how much easier the job
See SANDOR KATZ on page 71

The New York Times virtually canonized outgoing Health Commissioner Stephen Joseph

if everyone who tested positive were to cooperate and make a list of every sexual and needle sharing contact for a decade. Many of those lists would be long, even voluminous. This is a big city, where people move a lot. This project could keep an awfully big staff busy for an awfully long time. Meanwhile, there's a critical shortage of primary medical care in the city to provide treatment to the already-known HIV-infected population.

The priorities are clear. Provide treatment and support to help people survive. Provide explicit risk reduction education and the tools for prevention: condoms, dental dams and clean needles. People will get the message. With information and reasons to be hopeful, more and more people will voluntarily get themselves HIV tested.

To reverse the priorities, to place

An Open Letter to the Progressive Community

The U.S. government wants us to "forgive and forget" those responsible for the Iran/Contra crimes. Yet some activists who opposed these crimes now face life in prison...

One of Ed Meese's last actions before leaving the Justice Department was to order the indictment of six long-time political activists on charges of protesting U.S. domestic and international policies through "violent and illegal means."

Like other recent political trials, *U.S. v. Whitehorn, et. al.*, (The Resistance Conspiracy Case) targets domestic opponents of illegal practices such as the contra war against Nicaragua and the invasion of Grenada. The investigation of these defendants is linked to the recent illegal FBI investigations of CISPES and the Central America solidarity movement. Like them, it's characterized by massive FBI misconduct and illegality.

The six — Alan Berkman, Tim Blunk, Marilyn Buck, Linda Evans, Susan Rosenberg, and Laura Whitehorn — are charged with being part of a network of groups that claimed responsibility for bombings of government and military buildings in 1983-85, including the 1983 bombing of the U.S. Capitol after the invasion of Grenada. No one was injured in any of these actions. The government makes no claim to know who actually carried out the bombings. Rather, it wants to convict the defendants by proving that they shared a "common purpose" of resisting illegal U.S. war crimes: "guilt by political association."

The government has already put these defendants through fourteen separate political prosecutions. Five of the defendants are already serving sentences of up to 70 years. The sixth has been held in preventive detention for 2 1/2 years. This April, the trial judge dismissed all charges against three of the defendants on the grounds of double jeopardy, but the Justice Department has vowed to fight the decision.

The government wants to stage a show trial to have a chilling effect on activists. It uses the guise of security to create an atmosphere of fear and intimidation to make a fair trial impossible. A bulletproof plexiglass wall in the courtroom separates the defendants from their families and supporters. Surveillance cameras in the courtroom are trained on defendants and spectators.

This is political persecution, not a criminal prosecution. The targets are people who have shown a deep commitment to human rights and social justice over many years. There may be political disagreements among us, but we are all part of the community of people in the U.S. who have opposed and tried to stop the murderous, inhumane and illegal practices of the Reagan administration. The defendants in this case, like the other political prisoners in this country, need to be returned to our communities and not disappear into the prison system. We must lend our voices and support to ensure their rights — and thereby our own. We ask you to join in a campaign to halt this vindictive prosecution. Stopping this last prosecution brought by Reagan and Meese can be an important step in dismantling their legacy of a politicized criminal justice system and resurgent FBI.

- Drop this politically motivated indictment • Stop preventive detention/Release Laura Whitehorn on bail
- Remove the bulletproof wall and surveillance cameras from the courtroom

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Kwame K. Afrah, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Prov Govt, Republic of New Afrika

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Political Science

Goodbye, Lumania

by Mark Harrington

Relics of lost civilizations are crumbling around us.

Brian Damage—genius, aesthete and AIDS activist, archaeologist of vanished fantastic places, long term survivor with AIDS, actor and artist—was born in Virginia in 1954.

Cracked amphorae, aqueducts, bell towers, ionic temples, pediments crushed in an ancient deluge, broken urns: this is the detritus of Atlantis, piled up in an undersea canyon, seen from a submarine, depicted on the walls of Room 4D in the Carlton Arms Hotel at 25th Street and 3rd Avenue, painted by Brian Damage.

He went to high school in Alexandria, Virginia, from 1969 to 1972. For a year or two he was a DJ in Savannah, Georgia. Then he moved to New York. The post-punk demi-monde was exploding in nocturnal landscapes of sound and spectacle. Brian was a sartorial superstar then, devising sets and costumes for bands like Shox Lumania, conjuring up a shifting array of interiors in Danceteria where he lived for a time.

Long ago, underground, beneath the mighty Pyrenees, a strange and lovely culture flourished. Obsessed with peace and terrified by violence, the Lumanian people communicated

in the four-dimensional language of music. Clad in gossamer robes with broad, stiff collars, their faces glittered and their ornate curving helmets swept forward like frozen, golden waves. Coexistent with the more brutal Cro-Magnons and Neanderthal peoples, the Lumanians disappeared without a trace for 12,000 years, but were briefly sighted in New York, when they recorded *Shox Lumania Live* at the Peppermint Lounge



(*ROIR cassettes, 1981*). Their garb was devised by Brian Damage.

He developed fevers and a swelling in his lymph nodes. His doctors declared it to be lymphoma. This was in 1981, before the words "PGL" (Progressive Generalized Lymphadenopathy—which is what it really was), "GRID," "AIDS" or "HIV" entered our language. He refused radiation and chemotherapy, and devised his own regimen of macrobiotic diet and tai chi. For eight years he held the syndrome at bay, and

worked prodigiously.

Inside the Egyptian temple, sinister figures move before a hieroglyphic frieze. Over the altar, a virus invades, uncoats, replicates and buds, codes of a malign religion. Mummy vampires float over the pyramid, fly through time, reappear in Bethesda and Rockville in the 1980s, unswathed vampires of AIDS science. Gallo, Fauci, Cooper, Young. This is "The Curse of Umbra," drawn by Brian Damage in the winter of 1989, and published in *World War Three #12: Biobazard: Ecology/Health Crisis*, available at Ray's newsstand on Avenue A for \$4.00.

He redoubled his work in the mid 1980s, painting the room at the Carlton Arms, opening a show in Venice (Italy), developing PCP in summer 1988, switching to pentamidine, red meat and AZT. There was this painting I had to finish. Teaching himself again to walk down the hospital corridor in Washington, sneaking out at night away from the nurses, walking when he was supposed to be wheelchair bound, walking to the bank machine, train station, back to New York City and his life, his apartment, his 12-foot tall 40 foot long blue

painting with the spectral lines depicting Coney Island in 1909, replicating the Piazza San Marco in Venice, preparing the underpainting for "Coney Island on Fire."

Before dawn, by the 7-11 in Arlington, Virginia, a tall, elegant figure, clad in a white lab coat emblazoned with the red biobazard logo he designed does his tai chi exercises. It is October 11, 1988, Brian is with Wave 3, and with them invades the FDA's Ethics Building (O, oxymoronic edifice!) to issue utopian edicts to end

the epidemic.

In January, Brian was an AIDS commando in Bob Huff's video/performance piece at LaMama, Rockville is Burning. Along with Jim Eigo and Ann Otto, he seized control of a typical TV AIDS newscast to put an end to the lies:

Jim: A pattern began to emerge. The people with firsthand knowledge of the epidemic were the last to be consulted. We were begging for kind words and crumbs from the "liberal" managers of the epidemic—but they were just links in the chain of command.

Brian: It wasn't a question of saving lives or even of saving money—it was about power.

Ann: But when the first PWA chose to sit down in the middle of Wall Street and be dragged off, we started to take back some of that power.

In February, Brian was hospitalized with MAI, a bacterial infection of the bloodstream. He lost weight and his doctors at Beth Israel stopped all his treatments. We confronted them with what we knew Brian wanted: a chance to beat MAI with drugs in common use. They wavered, but the next day, Brian was back on the MAI drugs. He wolfed down spaghetti, steak and milkshakes with awesome avidity. In May we went to visit him in the hospital room—it was empty. Brian was sitting regally in his wheelchair in Stuyvesant Park, holding court by the fountain. Across from us pigeons wheeled and high school students gossiped in clusters.

Brian was an aristocrat. Bob Huff told me Brian used to say he was going to get a powdered wig and walk around the Lower East Side like a dandy from the ancient regime.

Again he made his rebellious legs walk, and he moved back home for another six months. In the fall, he got peripheral neuropathy and slowly lost the use of the legs he had worked so heroically to command. This time there were no known treatments for his condition. The last time I saw Brian was on Thanksgiving, when

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IN THE HEART OF THE GAY VILLAGE

that period there were huge drag balls up in Harlem. Places like Rockland Palace were the big places where you could really come out and be gay.

CHF: Also they were theatrical events in another way. Well known writers and personalities used to take the loges there. Theodore Dreiser and these eminent literary people who were not connected in any way with homosexuality. They were just there as sympathetic spectators, and amused by the whole thing. So there were no prejudices in that sense either.

GR: It seems like you're describing a period in which, if you were a member of the bohemian circles, there were really not many prejudices.

CHF: No, no none. And you were separated from the square world. They didn't have as many members in the talented coterie.

GR: When you finished writing *The Young and Evil*, however, you were not able to get it published right away, presumably because of the homosexual content. How did that strike you? Having written a book that was considered to be obscene?

CHF: Well you see, the Obelisk Press was noted for its pornography, straight pornography. So when they originally wouldn't publish it, I thought it was more for the difficult avant garde style rather than for the sexual content. That's what I thought. Then when Gertrude Stein came along with her recommendation, and Djuna Barnes recommended it, that's what persuaded them to publish it.

GR: Yes, but then after it was published, some copies were seized and burned.

CHF: Yes, it was banned in America and burned in England. And it was taken out of the window of Brentano's in Paris. Before I became friends with Edith Sitwell she was very shocked by it, as was Edward James. There was a story about Edward burning it in the fireplace and Edith fanning the flames with her skirts. But that all changed later. Edith wrote a preface for my book of poems. We became friends and I brought her over here for a great lecture tour, Tchelitchev and I, with Osbert [Sitwell, Edith's brother]. They were put up by Vincent Astor's wife. They had a great success. I got them an agent, they did a tour of America. You know the picture of the Gotham Book Mart reception. I arranged that. I told Steloff, "The Sitwells are coming over, you must give them a party." She said, "Oh they wouldn't want a party here. They're much too grand." But they were delighted. All the poets came, and some who weren't poets.

GR: When you published *The Young and Evil* and it was pulled from Brentano's and burned and so forth, what was the general reaction? How, for example, did your family react?

CHF: I remember my mother writing

me a letter saying she adored it. She said, "I laughed and I cried." Well, she didn't know too much about homosexuality. She wondered at one time if Tchelitchev wouldn't be a good suitor for my sister Ruth [Ford, the actress]. He laughs. I think I had to be explicit sometime or other. I told her he was already taken.

GR: The world that you're describing is not the world that's prevalent now. There doesn't seem to have been this iron-clad division between straight and gay. When did that division happen? Did you notice that happening at some point, that there began to be a lot more exclusively gay people?

CHF: Not till much, much later. Around the time of Stonewall, or a few years before. I don't know when it was. Perhaps the late 50s or early 60s when they began having these places like Stonewall, these dance places. In the early 30s those places didn't exist. They started much later. Do they still have such places now?

GR: In the Village? Oh yes, Charles, they're everywhere, and not only in the Village.

CHF: Because I haven't been down there in years.

GR: Well, you should go take a look.

CHF: And the leather's still around? They still have the leather bars and all?

GR: Absolutely.

CHF: I suppose people are less promiscuous now, aren't they?

GR: Well, people try to be safer. They've certainly closed the baths in New York. Did you ever go out to Fire Island?

CHF: Oh yes, sure. I was in on the ground floor of Fire Island, too. Is that the same?

GR: Sure, that's very much the same.

CHF: But I think being gay, it's just being gradually accepted again, like it used to be.

GR: Perhaps. But there does seem to be this grand division, where if you're gay you're totally gay, or if you're straight you're completely straight. I think some people are hoping that as society loosens up those divisions will melt away, and we'll be freer to explore our natures, gays being a little straight or straights becoming a bit gay.

CHF: We used to have an expression for that, straights that might want to play around. We'd say, "That one's a veiled bitch." It's a graphic expression.

GR: Is that like a closet case?

CHF: Yeah, but I think it's more poetic.

GR: I was very surprised in *The Young and Evil* that communists are mentioned quite a bit.

CHF: I remember marching in a communist parade. And I had a poem in the *New Masses*. They were part of the revolt against bourgeois-ism. That was the common meeting ground, that we were all anti-bourgeoisie. The thing that was outstanding about the Vil-

lage at that time was that one felt that there were no prejudices. If, for instance, I wanted to go to bed with somebody, it just manifested and it usually happened. And maybe they never went to bed with somebody before. It was a different time. When I think about myself then I'm just talking about another person. If I were a young person today I would not have any reason to act as I did then. It's a different time. And if I were reborn I would not act as I did then, because you're also affected by the milieu. I've always had the impulse to do what I wanted, when I wanted. Maybe that could recur at any time. I'm sure there're young and evils today equivalent to what I was then.

GR: Tell me about Djuna Barnes.

CHF: Before I sailed for Paris I met Djuna Barnes in her Washington Square studio. We had reviewed her book in *Blues* and I was very much taken with her, the way she looked. Incredible. So then I left for Paris and she said I'll be over soon, and so she came. That's when we started living together. She'd had appendicitis and had to go to the American Hospital and then I came to the apartment to take care of her as she convalesced and it all developed into something. We got together again in Tangier. That's where I typed *Nightwood* for her, in Tangier. It was a very complicated chapter.

GR: You two were going to get married at some point, weren't you?

CHF: Oh, she didn't want to, she didn't want to. She didn't want to have children. The irony was that while in Tangier she found out she was pregnant, and it was not by me, it was by a French artist that was crazy about her. Before she came to Tangier she was impregnated by him. So she had to leave and... well it was all very complicated.

CHF: Is it true that she called you Charles Impossible Ford?

CHF: I guess so. Where'd you read that? Anyway, she was a very complicated person. She didn't have an easy time getting *Nightwood* published. Finally she was elated when T.S. Eliot liked it and offered to write a preface. And that's the way that came out.

GR: Aside from Djuna, you were a protege of Gertrude Stein's as well. In a sense, Charles, you were really hanging around with some of the premier lesbians of the 20th century.

CHF: Yes. I knew the ones I've mentioned, Natalie Barnard, Romaine Brooks, Djuna Barnes and Gertrude Stein. I never knew Margaret Anderson.

GR: Did you ever meet Radclyff Hall?

CHF: No. I do remember that her book was published by Obelisk as well.

GR: *The Well of Loneliness*?

CHF: Yes. You know, they're always referring to Djuna now as a lesbian, but she didn't consider herself a lesbian. She had many lovers, male and female. She was just a very free person, you see. I remember her, she was satirizing "The upward look of ask-

ing eyes, the clinging clasp of roseleaf hands." The female. And she once said some of the women who considered themselves lesbians, she said some of them walked around like they had a feedbag between their legs. She could be very wicked in her satirizations.

GR: If they didn't consider themselves to be that much lesbians, what you're saying is that nobody considered themselves to be that much either gay or lesbian, people simply did what they wanted to do.

CHF: In our circles, that's right.

GR: Did you keep up a relationship with Parker Tyler over the years?

CHF: Yes, yes. He died in the 70s. All his books are out of print. Now a woman is doing a biography on Parker and hopes to revive some of his out of print books. One book I hope can be revived is the book he wrote on Tchelitchew.

GR: Did he ever write another novel?

CHF: Well, he wrote a kind of a novel, it was never published, on Nijinsky. Apparently the publication was blocked because he and perspective publishers thought the widow of Nijinsky might bring suit.

GR: The two other main characters in *The Young and Evil*, Gabriel and Louis, have they ever been identified, who they were based on?

CHF: The Louis character is a well known writer. But his name cannot be mentioned. Somehow, it's thought not to be discreet to mention it.

GR: I would be glad to mention it if you wanted to tell me who it is.

CHF: I don't think he wants it mentioned. I'm still sort of friends with him and I think he wants to...he just doesn't want that notoriety. I think it would be indiscreet of me to mention it. This is the Louis character. The Gabriel character was Joseph Rocco. He was a Village character, he was in *Blues* with a poem. He was very much in *The Young and Evil*.

GR: There was an awful lot of really inventive language in the book. Camp. I was surprised that some of the terms are the same

as today. Drag terms, and so forth. Was there a lot of drag back then?

CHF: I remember we used to get in drag, in and out... But there must have been some who passed, or we wouldn't have talked about it. There were great female impersonators, Julie Eltinge, she was at the Orpheum circuit. Back in the 20s. She was universally admired, even by the bourgeoisie. But of course today they can dress up and

just stay that way. I saw one on this TV the other night. You know, you can see anything on this TV. Did you see that? A total woman. And then she pulled up her skirt and she had this long prick. On cable TV! So unaesthetic. And unattractive. Some of the things you see on TV. At least there's that funny magazine out now. What's it called, something like *My Comrade*? That I like, but where on earth can you pick it up?



Charles Henri Ford (on the floor, center) at a party he arranged for Osbert and Dame Edith Sitwell (seated, center) at the Gotham Book Mart in 1948. In the left foreground, William Rose Benét; behind him, Stephen Spender; behind him, Horace Gregory and his wife, Marya Zaturenska. At the back (left to right), Tennessee Williams, Richard Eberhart, Gore Vidal, Jose Garcia Villa, and W. H. Auden (on ladder). At right, Elizabeth Bishop (standing), Marianne Moore, Randall Jarrell and Delmore Schwartz (foreground). Photo courtesy Gotham Book Mart.

A Wild Wimmin's Band

Celebrating Ten Years of
Music-Making with
Casselberry-DuPreé

An Interview by Hattie Gossett

After years of performing as a duo in small places on the play-the-music-now-and-we'll-think-about-paying-you-later circuit, Casselberry-DuPreé is gaining national and international visibility. Is the music industry ready for these wild women? Is the American public ready? These are questions for the 1990s.

Known for their ear-tingling two-part vocal harmonies, for their soprano-to-baritone vocal range, with Judith Casselberry playing rhythm, guitar and singing the alto-to-baritone lines, and Jaque DuPreé playing small rhythm instruments and singing the soprano-to-tenor lines, these women worked as a duo for nearly nine years. Then came their award-winning debut album *City Down*, produced for Iceberg Records by Linda Tillery, herself a veteran Black woman songwriter, arranger, singer. Then came the band, featuring Toshi Reagan as bassist and supporting vocalist and Annette Argentina Aguilar as multipercussionist. Now Casselberry-DuPreé, with their wildly funky, superbly polished concert and club presentation, is knocking on the music industry's inside door. This stripped-down jumpband, probably the biggest-sounding little band around, with the most unheard of instrumentation—no piano, no trap drums—is now working its way into larger clubs and concert halls, appearing with name acts and reaching larger and broader audiences all the time.

And why not? If you like good music, foot-patting, hip-shaking, rock-the-house music, you're gonna like Casselberry-

DuPreé. If you like good music with a strong reggae feel, a touch of soul, an African-Latin-funky bottom and an uncompromisingly clear message which pulls the covers off of homophobia, racism, sexism, warmongering, economic exploitation, a message which joyfully—that's right, joyfully!—sings the praises of strong women, of strong people, you are gonna love Casselberry-DuPreé. And if you don't believe it's possible to play music that rocks the house and tells the truth, you're gonna love these women even more because that's exactly what they do—for political audiences and for Saturday night goodtime audiences—and there's no let-up in sight.

Casselberry-DuPreé will perform in concert on December 16 in New York at a benefit for Brooklyn Women's Martial Arts. In November they did a two-day stint at SOB's, (Sounds of Brazil) a major New York club for national and international touring bands, opening for renowned message music maker Gil Scott Herron. The crowds, which had mostly turned out to hear Herron, were jubilantly surprised by the Casselberry-DuPreé's ability to consistently pump out a big sound and keep the house hot. I talked with these wild wimmin divas.

Hattie Gossett: Tell us about your experiences at the October 7 Walk For The Homeless in Washington, D.C. What was it like being part of an event with so many well known people—like Dionne Warwick, Stevie Wonder, Valerie Harper,



jiji CASSELBERRY-DUPREE

*Judith Cissellberry-Jique, Du Ryd, Tohi
Hullgon, Annette A. Aguillu*

Photo: Susan Wilson

Marla Gibbs, Gregory Hines, Danny Glover, Olatunji, Rev. Stallings of Imani Temple, Rev. Jesse Jackson, Jon Voight, Sugar Ray Leonard, Louis Gossett, Jr., James Olmos, Tracy Chapman?

Jaque DuPreé: Bill Graham called and asked if we could participate; we were glad to do it, yet we were a little leery of that because we don't have a big name, we might get pushed to the side, which sometimes happens at these kinds of events—they might "dis" us, you know? Actually, everything turned out okay.

HG: Is it true that you sang with Stevie Wonder that day?

Judith Casselberry: Yes. We were backstage figuring out where to stand to get a good view of the brother while he was doing his thing when all of a sudden the stage manager rushed up to us, pulled us onstage, set up the vocal mikes, and the next thing we knew we were singing backup for Stevie Wonder along with Tremaine Hawkins and Grace Slick and Marty Balin of Jefferson Airplane. It was a new song he had written especially for the rally. He taught it to us and to the audience as he sang it.

HG: Were you excited?

JD: After I found my way with the lyrics I was excited; yes. At first the suddenness of it had me a little concerned.

JC: I was excited even before we knew we were going to sing—just to see Stevie Wonder close up when he was performing was exciting. So you know when we were out there with him, I was thrilled. And all this happened after we had done our own set, so we were actually on stage twice.

HG: Any other memorable moments from that day?

JC: We got to spend a lot of time with Dionne Warwick. We were impressed by her total down-to-earthness. She was so regular—not at all distant or stuckup. Throughout the day she went outside and stood by the backstage fence and signed autographs and talked to people from the audience, without being asked. I could see she realized the importance of communicating directly with the people who had come out to hear her. In talking to us, she was supportive, realistic and honest about the music industry, about the special challenges facing Black women in the industry, and the importance of being upfront even when people don't want to hear what you have to say. She says what's on her mind, no matter what.

Another thrilling moment was when Gregory Hines got up and danced during our set. It was completely spontaneous, and at first we didn't even know what was happening. Then we looked around and there he was—dancing for days to our music. The audience loved it and so did we. Then, after we sang, Danny Glover, told us we brought tears to his eyes with our version of Bob Marley's "Exodus." So not only did we not get "dis-ed," we ended up getting recognition from great artists whose work we admire and respect.

HG: What other good things have been happening?

JD: In September, Judith and I opened for reggae star Jimmy Cliff, one of our original inspirations, at The Citi in Boston, a club which presents national and international touring bands. In New York, the doors were opened for us at SOBs with Gil Scott Herron.

JC: Another important breakthrough was when our band toured in the U.S. with Ladysmith Black Mombasa, the South African singers who made Paul Simon's *Graceland* recording such a hit. And we are starting to hit the international scene, too. In Spain, we headlined at a big Barcelona disco; then we

did four or five concerts in small towns where we played outdoors on the main plaza and the whole town came, from grandparents to babies. We went to Israel for an international women's festival, where we met Palestinians and Black Hebrews and progressive Israelis. And we've played the Winnipeg Folk Festival in Canada where we shared the stage with top name folk groups from Africa, Asia, Latin America. While we were there, we spent some time with our friend Lillian Allen, the powerful Jamaican dub poet who lives in Toronto.

HG: Tell us about the awards your debut album *City Down* has won.

JC: It was voted number one album of the year by the music industry magazine put out by Tower Records called *Pulse*; the *Boston Globe* and the *Los Angeles Times* voted it one of the year's top ten; the National Association of Independent Record Distributors (NAIRD) voted it number one in reggae; in this NAIRD competition we won against established reggae groups like Yellowman, Black Uhuru, Sly & Robbie, The Itals.

HG: Do you consider yourselves part of the women's music scene?

JD: There is an ancient Ashanti proverb which says: "Only when you have crossed the river can you say that the crocodile has a lump on her snout."

HG: Sounds like you getting deep, sister. Break it down now.

JD: We came on the scene trying not to compromise too much of ourselves as strong women-identified women. Because of our culture, which is African and traditional in its root and American because of geography, we have many voices. Judith and I were born out of civil rights, Black power and peace. As teenagers we were part of "student unrest" and Black radical revolution; we were part of the burning of draft cards, and "give peace a chance" during the Vietnam War. As young adults we grew into evolutionary change; we learned that yes, South Africa will be free and, hell, Mississippi and Alabama and California and Florida, too. Some women don't understand that we come before our audiences with voices and concerns other than just our womanhood or sexuality. In order to hear our songs regarding one issue, i.e. women's rights, you have to hear and address our other voices and concerns, too.

HG: When you perform for a Black audience do they have to hear the women's songs at the same time that they hear the reggae?

JD: That's what I'm talking about. And we have a broader understanding of women's music than some women are ready for. Because for us Billie Holiday, Bessie Smith and Big Mama Thornton sure have been singing about something for a long time; so have Mahaila Jackson, Shirley Caesar, Miriam Makeba, Aretha Franklin, Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McCrae, Ella Fitzgerald, Nancy Wilson, Betty Carter and Sweet Honey In The Rock. We see these women as trailblazers. We're just adding our voices, and the response that we continually get proves what we have always known—there is an audience who wants to hear what we've got to say and that audience doesn't include only women, but people from all walks of life.

HG: Are you trying to avoid stereotyping?

JD: From the example of the artists I've just named and their struggles we have learned that it's not about being confined to any "alternative music market," but that artists who build their music around the many places they have come



Photo: Susan Wilson

from in their lives can penetrate beyond narrow confines and cliches. The texture and strength of our lyrics, our technical and musical style of expression take us beyond all restriction. We are everywhere.

JC: The women's music industry, which has grown tremendously, has definitely expanded our horizons and [has] been a significant base of support for us since about 1979—though we had a career before then, we've always had other significant bases of support. The women's music audience is loyal and diverse. The same women who support us also support Patti LaBelle and Teresa Trull—how's that for contrast?—and they support many male artists, too. What's happening now is that more women artists are seeing the importance of advancing the position to the widest possible number of people. Today, women artists are recording for independent and major labels without compromising their music or appearance or personal lifestyle which is great. Now it will be harder for the powers that be to hold us back. I'm speaking here of artists like k. d. lang, Phranc, Melissa Etheridge, Suzanne Vega, Sinéad O'Connor. Now major record labels have to pay attention to strong, woman-identified music, because it is purchased by all kinds of people.

HG: Have you started thinking about your next album? The first album had wonderful renditions of classic material originated by reggae and rock artists and, it had one wonderful Toshi Reagon original, but you gave us only one of those badbad songs you yourselves write. Will the next album have more of your own original material?

JD: There will be lots more; we are writing more and more from our own experiences; we feel safer about doing this now.

JC: The new songs also reflect experiences of others

which move us. Jaque is the one who usually brings in lyrics and a musical sketch. She writes stories/sermons/speeches with natural rhythmic flow which comes from her church background.

JD: Judith comes up with chord progressions that are challenging and creative for the band so they have more to play off of. Then we take the song where we want it to go. We got some hot stuff that we can't wait for folks to hear.

HG: You have been playing music all those years by your own two selves, then you got a band. What do you like about working with this expanded unit?

JC: It's easier for us to texture and layer our overall sound. Now that Toshi and Annette are in the band and it's four of us, we enjoy seeing the effect on people of hearing such a big sound coming out of four women, the same way we enjoyed seeing how they reacted to the big sound we got with just the two of us.

JD: It's a real challenge to deal with personalities and to leave room for people to fit in creatively with the sound we have created.

JC: We have grown to be better musicians with Toshi and Annette, so we wouldn't trade working with them for anything. They are so together and have so much to offer, they give us what we hear in our heads, and then they give us that little special something we hadn't thought of which comes out of their brilliance and creativity. And they are committed. We don't want to work with people who just read charts, collect a check and go home. We want to feel like musicians work with us because they love the music, not because it's just another gig.

HG: I want to get into your personal business for a
See CASSELBERRY-DUPRÉE on page 50

Don We Now Our Gay Apparel

The New York Gay Men's Chorus Celebrates Its Tenth Anniversary

By Mark Chesnut



Photo: Ken Spencer/Newsday

"Look at that," a middle-aged commuter said to her friend as they made their way through Grand Central Station during the hectic Friday rush hour. She was pointing toward a group of men standing on the Northwest balcony above them. The powerful, joyous voices ringing out carried over the noise of the trains, public announcements and thousands of other commuters. Her friend glanced up. "Look what it says!" she pointed excitedly at the banner draped in front of the men, which read "New York City Gay Men's Chorus." "Oh, my!" responded the other woman.

Even as the chorus celebrates its tenth anniversary, it appears there are still people who are surprised to find that New York is home to one of the most celebrated gay choruses in the world.

And perhaps it's fitting that on their anniversary, the chorus is reaching out to new audiences, like the unexpecting but appreciative one at Grand Central. Part of the citywide "Day Without Art"

on December 1, this appearance also served to warm the men up for their annual holiday concert, "Masters in this Hall" on December 20 and 21 at Carnegie Hall.

The musical prowess and dedication of the chorus are evident just by looking at the list of where they've played: Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, plus tours throughout the United States and Europe and regular appearances at gay pride events. The NYCGMC is one of the largest members of the Gay and Lesbian Association of Choruses (GALA). They have released two albums, one of which, *A Festival of Song*, was nominated by *Ovation* magazine as the best choral record of 1983. These are 150 men with a purpose.

The chorus has performed with such luminaries as Colleen Dewhurst, Maureen McGovern and Eartha Kitt. Members have also seen the annual budget of the non-profit organization grow to nearly a half million dollars. Through all this growth, however, two factors seem to remain the central focus: the music itself, and the sense of family.

The New York City Gay Men's Chorus began about ten years ago, when Edward Dryer Weaver moved to New York from San Francisco and distributed flyers announcing the formation of a new gay men's chorus. The group couldn't have imagined all they would accomplish then; at that point, the chorus was more socially-oriented. But with the increasing role that AIDS was to play in the lives of all gay men, coupled with an increasing commitment to the music itself and the guidance of music director Gary Miller, the group became more involved and dedicated. They also became more like a family.

"When we started, it was more of a chorus that got together for a social aspect," says Gary Miller. Miller, whose broad musical background includes work in education, the church and the theater, receives much credit for fine tuning the polished sound of the NYCGMC. "The chorus now has a real political necessity, given the AIDS crisis," he continues, "That doesn't mean we go out and sing political slogans or anything. But our visibility is important to the music community at large, to keep them in mind of the AIDS crisis."

AIDS has taken a heavy toll on

the Gay Men's Chorus: They have lost 23 members. "It begins to affect the way you feel as an individual and also as a group," says Marty Christian, who handles the financial aspect of the organization. "You wonder who's going to be next."

The straight media, in fact, often have had the tendency to focus on the AIDS issue when doing stories on the chorus. The chorus has even been mistakenly called the New York City Gay Men's Health Crisis Chorus. "We can have all the interviews we want, and talk about how this is not the New York City AIDS Chorus," Miller comments. "People write what they want to write. But it's real important for us to keep our identity as a community of gay men singing together, no matter what the circumstances. We began before the AIDS crisis, and, god help us, we'll be singing long after the AIDS crisis."

Homophobia is another obstacle the chorus continually battles. "The very first time we were in Carnegie Hall, we unfortunately ended up having a union stage hand fired, because he called us faggots," says Miller. "That kind of thing doesn't happen anymore. The halls are very gracious to us. They're very serious about what we do."

When the New York City Gay Men's Chorus made history in February 1984 as the first gay choral group to be invited to sing before a regional convention of the American Choral Directors Association, the leadership of the ACDA attempted to stop the performance. The ACDA leaders objected to the word "gay" being used in the name of the chorus. Luckily, the regional officers prevailed, and the chorus appeared, name intact, before what was described as an "enthusiastic" audience of professional choral directors.

Although they are most definitely gay, Miller emphasizes that there is something in the music for most any audience. Their music includes a broad range of traditional pieces. "We sing about love and peace rather than specifically gay love. A gay man can come to a concert, and a straight woman can come to a concert and hear the same piece. We do get a little more specific for our gay audiences."

While some may lean away from musical icons of traditional culture, Miller sees a political and social message

behind a gay chorus performing such pieces: "The fact that there are 150 gay men standing on stage singing these very familiar tunes that we all grew up with, but couldn't relate to because we were alienated from our families or from our community, it adds a whole different dimension."

Some of the more traditional Christmas pieces will be featured at the upcoming holiday concert, where the chorus will be joined by soprano Faith Esham in specially-commissioned arrangements for soprano and men's chorus. Miller pointed out that this concert will address the gay experience and AIDS. They are inviting the audience to bring unwrapped toys for children with AIDS.

The concert will also showcase the world premiere of "A Moment in Time," a commissioned work by New York composer John David Earnest. "There's this whole section about time," Miller says, "time has not only brought us good things, but bad things, and somehow we have to persevere and get on with it. All of that is obviously an AIDS metaphor, without ever saying it."

After this holiday concert, the New York City Gay Men's Chorus is looking forward to a third album in early 1990. Entitled *Hit Me with a Hot Note*, it will feature music from the 40s and 50s as performed at a dance concert.

Beyond that, some members hope for a day when they can be regarded as more than just a gay men's chorus. "I'd like us to enter the mainstream of music and not just be a gay event, but a musical event that everyone wants to come to," Goldhaber opines.

As large numbers of people stopped and applauded them at Grand Central Station, it appears they made one more inroad toward reaching that goal. ▼

The New York City Gay Men's Chorus will join with internationally acclaimed soprano Faith Esham in two performances at Carnegie Hall Wednesday, December 20, and Thursday, December 21, both at 8 pm. Tickets for the performances, called "Masters in this Hall," are priced from \$10 through \$50, and are available at the Carnegie Hall box office or from CarnegieCharge, (212) 247-7800. Audience members are invited to bring unwrapped toys for children with AIDS, aged two-nine, to be distributed to area hospitals.

NEW YORK POST, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1989

DRAG-NET NABS THE 'QUEEN' OF L.I. THIEFDOM

By ESTHER PESSIN

The king of Long Island thieves turns out to be a queen — a drag queen, cops say.

The man behind the mascara, 56-year-old Frank Mascari of Brooklyn, was snared in a police dragnet over the weekend, cops revealed yesterday.

Mascari was wearing designer jeans and a mink coat, with a touch of rouge to give color to his cheeks, they said, adding that he has demonstrated a taste for the finer things in life.

Cops said he stole only the best from the best during his decade-long career as a Long Island burglar.

"He would pass up a VCR or a TV for a fine piece of china or porcelain figurine any day," Nassau County Detective Sgt. Steven Skrynecki said.

Skrynecki said Mascari bypassed the lower-class areas — looting only the richest neighborhoods on the island, including Manhasset, Garden City, Muttontown Park, Rockville Centre and, possibly, the Hamptons.

Cops found nearly \$1 million in stolen goods in Mascari's home at 1915 E. 23rd St., in Brooklyn, according to Skrynecki.

The loot included antiques and other collectibles, as well as a closet full of fancy dresses and furs, Skrynecki said.

Mascari's get-up "aided him in that he would be able to walk in the target areas without causing suspicion," the detective said.

"The sight of a middle-aged



FRANK MASCARI

Taste for finer things.

woman exiting an expensive, late-model car is not the picture of a common burglar."

Cops said Mascari and two cohorts were caught red-handed Friday night loading loot from a Manhasset home into a 1988 Lincoln Continental.

Skrynecki said police had suspected Mascari "for a couple of years" and had kept him under surveillance.

"Our investigation reveals that he has been doing this for at least 10 years, maybe longer," the detective said.

Mascari — described as a semi-recluse with a criminal record dating back to 1961 — pleaded innocent to charges of burglary and attempted burglary.

The alleged accomplices were hit with the same charges.

Chalk up another zinger for the New York Post. As this story, which only appeared in the Post, goes, "the king of Long Island thieves turns out to be a queen—a drag queen, cops say. The man behind the mascara, 56-year-old Frank Mascari of Brooklyn, was snared in a police dragnet over the weekend, cops revealed yesterday. Mascari was wearing designer jeans and a mink coat, with a touch of rouge to give color to his cheeks, they said, adding that he has demonstrated a taste for the finer things in life." Is this standard AP journalism format?

—M.S.



They Had a Ball

Outgoing Mayor Edward Koch and outgoing Mets first baseman Keith Hernandez talked and joked about the future at City Hall yesterday. Hernandez holds a crystal apple, a gift from Koch.



It's holiday time again—that season when we see so many cheery twosomes buzzing about. Here, *Newsday* has snapped two festive couples who've been spotted around town. *Penthouse* Pet of the Year Stephanie Page and former USS Iowa sailor Kendall Truitt (whose gun turret and best navy buddy blew to bits last year, resulting in a rain of speculation about his sexuality on the pages of tabloids everywhere), seem to be forcing smiles at a yet another one of those glittering New York shindigs.

Then there's that other wacky duo, Mayor Koch and Keith Hernandez (in the *Daily News* photo they're holding hands) whom *Newsday* says "Had A Ball," as they sat in Ed's office; just couple of boys having some fun.

We just love this joyous and gay season.

—M.S.



OUT OF MY HANDS

BY BRADLEY BALL

Dear Brad:

Jack turned up at my place last night with this bunch of roses, a box of chocolates and one of those stupid beefcake greeting cards. I thought maybe there was some occasion I'd forgotten, like my birthday or something, but he smiled and said he simply felt like giving me presents. I remarked I had presence enough, though it might nicely be augmented by a Cartier watch, and left the roses in the kitchen sink while we went to see *Valmont*. At the end of the picture, Jack turned to me and said, "You know, love doesn't have to be like that." I replied the book was better but that's usually the way it is with adaptations. We walked across town in relative silence until we reached Fifth Avenue and he suddenly suggested taking a carriage ride through the park. I explained that it was an unbearably cold evening and that for those prices we should get something we both might enjoy, like couple of drinks at the Cafe de la Paix. He agreed with me but remained awfully sullen and I figured something was bothering him. Against my better judgement, I asked him just exactly what was going on. He said he'd always dreamed of taking a romantic carriage ride through Central Park with somebody he loved. Since that was all he was upset about, I easily assured him he was still rea-

sonably young and perhaps someday his dream would be fulfilled since it seemed simple enough. Then he said he meant he wanted to take the romantic carriage ride with me and I knocked the bowl of mixed nuts off the bar. Jack proceeded to tell me that he'd given the matter a lot of thought and realized that he was in love with me. I hoped that we were possibly just a little confused about our terms and asked him if his idea of love involved anything more than occasional dates and required any degree of reciprocity on my part. He said that as a matter of fact it did and started to expand on it but I grabbed my coat and high-tailed it out of there.

He left a couple of messages on my answering machine which I ignored. This morning he called my office but I paid the receptionist ten dollars to say I was out of the country on business for an indefinite length of time and couldn't be reached. When I got back from lunch he was sitting in my office, demanding—*demanding!*—to know what he'd done to deserve this kind of treatment. I said if he didn't know then I certainly wasn't going to be the one to tell him, that job usually being reserved to a best friend or paid professional. He said that was hardly a satisfactory answer and I said it would have to do since, as far as I was concerned, noth-

ing more remained to be discussed and would he please just leave.

I really thought that would be the end of it but he's called my machine three more times tonight and also asked a mutual friend to intercede. Frankly, I don't have the patience for these shenanigans. Is there some quick, efficient way I can get Jack to go away without hurting him?

—Pestered

Dear Pestered:

Unfortunately not. Sad to say, it's quite impossible for human beings to touch each other without leaving a bruise. Although you are to be commended for the admirable restraint you have thus far displayed, anybody insensitive enough to pursue a discussion of deep and personal emotions in public settings—which are defined as those places in which at least more than one person is present—is unlikely to be deterred by delicate handling. Distasteful though it may be, you must resign yourself to the fact that, unless you want to start receiving long, single-spaced letters on several sheets of lined notepaper, you are going to have to hurt a feeling or two. That being the case, you might as well make it a kind of a game and hurt all of them. If Jack were to be completely demoralized and embittered not only would he leave you alone but he would no longer present a threat to any one else. You'd really be doing everybody a big favor, if you think about it in the right way, and big favors are good things. If you're in difficulty thinking of a way to go about performing this service, allow me to point out that Christmas Eve is fast approaching and there's truly no better time in the year to demoralize and embitter a person, except perhaps October or February or certain days in June. *Carpe diem*, as our Latin friends would say! ▼

Why is it that we have always thought the makers of breakfast cereals are queer?

Froot Loops
Sugar Smacks
Apple Jacks
Cocoa Puffs
Puffa Puffa Rice
Frosted Flakes
Quisp
Fruity Pebbles
OHs

Kix
Trix
Lucky Charms
Quake
Captain Crunch
King Vita-Man
Crunchberry

—S.P., M.S.



By Michelangelo Signorile

An open letter to all of you (and you know who you are):

At least three of you have told me the story about the famous *not-so-out-of-the closet* lesbian photographer. As it goes, when she was working at a rag that is less glamorous but as equally well-known as the current one she shoots for, she flew on the wings of love with a famous movie actress. They met and had a torrid affair when Ms. Photographer was snapping pics of Ms. Movie Actress for a story the magazine was doing. Ms. Movie Actress became quite curious as to what direction the story was taking. So, Ms. Photographer, caught up in the passions of romance, snuck in and got the galleys and gave them to Ms. Movie Actress to peruse—a naughty thing to do. After reading it, Ms. Movie Actress and her agent were furious with the not-yet-published story, which portrayed Ms. Movie Actress in a bad light. They made a major stink to the magazine's editors. And, oh, boy, was Ms. Photographer in BIG trouble.

Why did three of you tell me this story? For the same reason that lots others of you are suddenly telling me even more scandalous stories about your co-workers, your bosses, your friends, your lovers and your ex-lovers who are climbing alongside you in the hierarchy of the social elite and are, like you, getting a few crumbs in return for staying quiet about homophobia. All of you are self-serving megalomaniacs; the filth and garbage that stains this city but ultimately rises to the top via shamelessness. In your slime-pit world in which you all GNAW AND CHEW YOUR WAY UP, you've been worried about saving your

own asses ever since we began revealing things about people at *Vanity Fair*. See, in your world, everyone can be bought. So you figure that if you give me a piece of gossip about someone else, we'll leave you alone. It also helps you deal with your own guilt by "telling on" others and it's always good to put the person down the hall a few spaces back. It's the nature of the game. Meanwhile, all of you just keep empowering us with MORE AND MORE AND MORE information. It's all ammunition for us to fire back at you. And that shot does get heard around the world.

You tell me you got a laugh out of the *Vanity Fair* column, when, in some cases, you were laughing at yourselves, your friends or even people in your own office; even your own boss. Some of you gave me information about a co-worker or a friend, not even knowing that that same person had given me information about you. CANNIBALS! And then there are the others of you, some at publications I don't even read (but I guess I should), feeding me gossip in a desperate attempt to appease your own guilt. It's amazing that you would all care so much about all of this, but I guess no one wants to be called an UNCLE TOM FAG or UNCLE TOM DYKE—especially when it's true.

Now there's even a guy who spies on

should realize is that when people are gossiping with a higher cause in mind, they feel NO REMORSE. They don't care about getting down and dirty since the ends justify the means. And, quite frankly, I feel the same way.

So now, we have enough trash to write a book about Liz Smith (*Daily News*) (sharks always gather when they smell blood), and to write quite a few chapters about lots of other people who've been mentioned (or alluded to) in this column. Oh, and lots of stuff on those who've not yet been in this column but who most certainly will be in the future.

Why am I doing this?

Well, I'll not deny that in the process I get some sort of kick out of it. Yeah, it's satisfying; even fun. But there is another, bigger reason. See, FOR ABOUT TEN YEARS WE HAVE TRIED TO MOTIVATE YOU FUCKING IDIOTS. We have tried to EDUCATE you. We have tried to make you see that we are all—including yourselves—being wiped out. We have tried to make you realize that we're being murdered by a negligent government. And your response has been to buy a new outfit and go to another benefit while you wait for your next job promotion. Those of you who have spaces to voice your opinions have decided that your contribution

to ending the AIDS crisis is in merely writing about Elizabeth Taylor and the glitz benefits.

And so now, realizing that "conscience" is not the way to get to you people, we've decided to peddle your own shit, and throw back at you all the garbage you spew out.

Of course, you can all disempower us instantly if

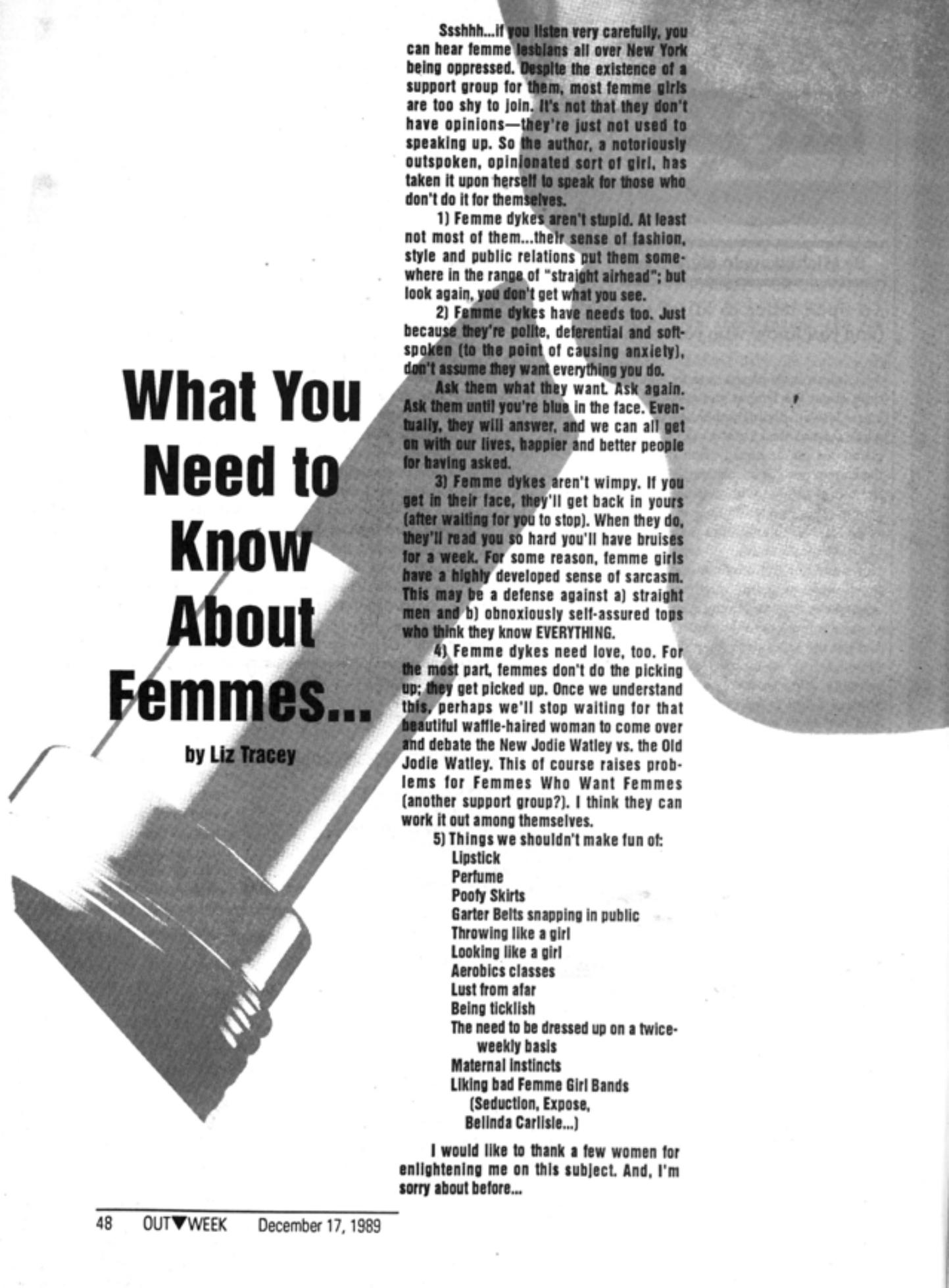
you'll just break the chain of homophobia and give us nothing to write about. I promise, I'll go get a job at the pennysaver or something. I'll stay out of trouble for a while, honest.

For starters, if you're gay or lesbian you can come out of the closet, publicly. You can make sure that we're visible and included. You can voice your opinions loudly and clearly. You can attack the homophobes, instead of glorifying them. YOU CAN TELL THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ABOUT THE INJUSTICE THAT HAS

See GOSSIP WATCH on page 50

What you all should realize is that when people are gossiping with a higher cause in mind, they feel NO REMORSE.

people and calls me up every couple of days from a pay phone on the street while he's doing his dirty work. He tells me how many drinks Pat Buckley has at Mortimer's during lunch—and tells me lots else about where other people go. Then there's the famous magazine editor's ex-chauffeur, who has plenty to say about her and her carryings on. Of course, for them, and for quite a few others who are giving me dirt, the rationalization for gossiping is that it's for a higher cause since they're giving it to the person one of them calls "the activist gossipist." That's fine. But what you all



What You Need to Know About Femmes...

by Liz Tracey

Ssshhh...if you listen very carefully, you can hear femme lesbians all over New York being oppressed. Despite the existence of a support group for them, most femme girls are too shy to join. It's not that they don't have opinions—they're just not used to speaking up. So the author, a notoriously outspoken, opinionated sort of girl, has taken it upon herself to speak for those who don't do it for themselves.

1) Femme dykes aren't stupid. At least not most of them...their sense of fashion, style and public relations put them somewhere in the range of "straight airhead"; but look again, you don't get what you see.

2) Femme dykes have needs too. Just because they're polite, deferential and soft-spoken (to the point of causing anxiety), don't assume they want everything you do.

Ask them what they want. Ask again. Ask them until you're blue in the face. Eventually, they will answer, and we can all get on with our lives, happier and better people for having asked.

3) Femme dykes aren't wimpy. If you get in their face, they'll get back in yours (after waiting for you to stop). When they do, they'll read you so hard you'll have bruises for a week. For some reason, femme girls have a highly developed sense of sarcasm. This may be a defense against a) straight men and b) obnoxiously self-assured tops who think they know EVERYTHING.

4) Femme dykes need love, too. For the most part, femmes don't do the picking up; they get picked up. Once we understand this, perhaps we'll stop waiting for that beautiful waffle-haired woman to come over and debate the New Jodie Watley vs. the Old Jodie Watley. This of course raises problems for Femmes Who Want Femmes (another support group?). I think they can work it out among themselves.

5) Things we shouldn't make fun of:

Lipstick

Perfume

Poofy Skirts

Garter Belts snapping in public

Throwing like a girl

Looking like a girl

Aerobics classes

Lust from afar

Being ticklish

The need to be dressed up on a twice-weekly basis

Maternal instincts

Liking bad Femme Girl Bands

(Seduction, Expose,
Belinda Carlisle...)

I would like to thank a few women for enlightening me on this subject. And, I'm sorry about before...

Ten Warning Signs of Chronically-Fatigued-Late-Eighties-Queer Syndrome (CFLEQS) (you need only have five of the following symptoms to be considered a person with CFLEQS):

- 1) You're in "couple therapy" or "crisis management."
- 2) You're entering "couple therapy" or "crisis management" after you complete your 12-step program.
- 3) You can't get involved because you have intimacy problems, and you're too busy, what with trying to deal with a RACIST, SEXIST, HOMOPHOBIC government and figuring out what to wear to Sound Factory—all at the same time?
- 4) You spend an inordinate amount of time in the video store.
- 5) Your ex-lover, who's now your best friend, is sleeping with her/his previous ex-lover's ex-lover, who used to date your one-time best friend, who, at the time, was seeing someone who was always questioning his/her sexuality, but who now is a friend of yours whom you sleep with, and, though you're ex-lover still wants to sleep with you, and, though the cutie pie in the video store—where you spend all of your time—wants to become your new lover, you're resigned to the fact that occasionally boffing a good friend is just fine, thank you.
- 6) You tell everyone you hate Thirtysomething, but you watch it every week.
- 7) You've fucked everyone you know—even that meat puppet in the video store whom you can't get away from. Who will you do for the nineties?!?
- 8) You go into convulsions which leave you unconscious. When you awake, you see that you've unknowingly taped the "gay" episode of Thirtysomething so that you can save it for future reference.
- 9) You've pierced your ears, your nose, your nipples. And now you're afraid that there's only one part left to pierce.
- 10) You decide you're never going to the video store again. But you have one of those convulsions and when you wake up you're there—feverishly searching through the foreign film section while occasionally glancing up at the counter. There's a new hot thing behind the cash register.

The Age of **CFLEQS**

by Sarah Pettit
and Michelangelo Signorile

GOSSIP WATCH from page 47

OCCURRED DURING THE PAST TEN YEARS INSTEAD OF TELLING THEM ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL THE 80s WERE BECAUSE "OPRAH WINFREY EPITOMIZED THE EXCITEMENT OF THE MEDIA DECADE." Maybe, you can even—heaven forbid!—get off your asses, go into the streets and scream and yell your heads off WITH THE REST OF US?!

It's really up to all of you. Perhaps you should look to your colleague Billy Norwich (*Daily News*), who is slowly beginning to change, saying more about AIDS and even glowingly writing up ACT UP just a couple of weeks after the activist group protested his dear friend Pat Buckley (a clear message to Pat). He even seems to be straining, trying to write less and less about Pat and her vain, cosmetic attempts at clearing the Buckley name. And in an upcoming issue of *The Advocate*, in a story written by Chris Bull all about the *OutWeek/Buckley* controversy, "a columnist" responds to my implications that he is gay by practically coming out: "I understand what [Signorile] is trying to do. Sexuality is very complicated. I know silence equals death. I'm not as stupid as you might think." (As Liz Smith has said to you, "Way to go young Billy!")

Honestly, all of you don't have the time to deal with our jabbing you. You're much too busy moving UP, UP, UP (which is fine, since we need you there). So why not do it the right way? You'd not only save yourselves a lot of headaches (i.e. having us expose you), but you'd actually be doing some good.

Love & Kisses,
M.

POLITICAL SCIENCE from page 33

Debbie Gavito and Scott Wald cooked him a Virginia Ham.

Until the very last he kept his mind—impatient and elegant, with a Platonic understanding of forms. I cannot possibly do justice to the depth and range of Brian's work. I knew him for just a year. What I do know, however, is that with his death on November 30, we lost a link in a chain that connected us not just to the New York demimonde at the turn of the decade, but to Coney Island, Venice, Egypt, Lumania, Atlantis—invisible empires that only he could see and that he conjured up for us, with incredible ardor, in too few years. ▼

CASSELBERRY-DUPRÉ from page 41

minute here. For starters, what do you say when people ask you if you are Rastas?

JD: No.

JC: No.

HG: Just like that?

JD: Well, we aren't Rastas. Our spirituality has other sources. Besides, people all over the world have worn dreadlocks for hundreds of years, not just Rastas. We hope people will do a little historical homework, and grow beyond stereotypical assumptions.

HG: Okay, moving right along with your personal business, what do you do when you're off the road?

JC: This is my last year as a full-time scholarship student at Berklee College of Music; in May I'll get my Bachelor's of Music in Music Production & Engineering; recently Yamaha presented me an award for technical and academic excellence in music production and engineering. With Nurudafina Pili Abena, an African American woman multicultural percussionist in Boston who has some truly heavy hands, I've been studying conga and jun-jun drums, gogo and cow bells. For physical enrichment and fun, I play second base on the Amazons of Dahomey Softball Team, though I'm now willing to consider pitching. Most of my free time is spent at home with my sweetheart; we like music videos and pictionary and our dog.

JD: I'm getting ready to go to art school. Since childhood creating visual art has been fulfilling; wherever I live, my drawing table is permanently set up, and I spend hours and hours there. I was raised in the church, so spirituality is crucial and attending church is part of my life, even on the road. I want to continue to lend support to those in children's shelters, halfway houses and prisons. Karate is useful for keeping toned up; I played third base for Amazons of Dahomey. In my home, I like listening to many types of music and cooking and hostessing for my lover and special friends.

HG: As a performing entity Casselberry-DuPré recently celebrated its tenth anniversary, though the two of you actually worked together ten years before that, in New York and California, in other bands. Now, after nearly 20 years in the music business with nary a face-lift in sight, (laughter) what's in

store for future?

JD: Remember earlier we talked about the original material we're developing? Well, one of our plans is for other artists to perform and record some of that material. We've been getting some concepts ready for a video production. Besides going to art school for graphics and illustration, my personal goals include going deeper into two kinds of music I particularly love—gospel and country—by doing solo albums; then when C-D isn't busy, I can do my solo cabaret act.

JC: For the band, the future will mean increased international travel. For me as an individual, the future will mean continuing to work on recording production projects, producing demos and mastertapes for other artists. I'll take private guitar lessons and continue with my private vocal lessons. I want to learn languages—Spanish for openers and maybe even Japanese. Being a literacy program volunteer would be very satisfying, and so would working in drug decriminalization and rehabilitation. Eventually I'll get a Ph.D. in ethnomusicology, with specific studies in some combination of music, history and culture.

HG: One last thing. You are seasoned veterans of the women's music festival scene, which, though it has grown tremendously in terms of the racial mix of talent, still presents mostly white talent; will there ever be an international women of color music and arts festival?

JD: A few years ago we had a series of meetings to explore this idea. The foundations were laid, and we are pursuing it.

JC: We can't continue to expect others to provide for us. We have to invest in ourselves. It's a must.

Casselberry-DuPré will be performing at the Borough of Manhattan Community College (199 Chambers St. between West St. and Greenwich St.) in a concert to benefit the Brooklyn Women's Martial Arts. Tickets are \$15 in advance, \$20 at the door and \$2 for children. Call Ticketmaster at (212) 307-7171 or BWMA at (718) 788-1775. The concert will be wheelchair accessible and sign language interpreted. Childcare will be provided free of charge.

Hattie Gossett is the author of Presenting...Sister No Blues, Firebrand Books, 1988.

Three Men in a Noche



I CAN'T BELIEVE I ATE THE WHOLE THING

Tim Streeter as "Walt"

Mala Noche. Produced and directed by Gus Van Sant. Angelika Film Center.

by Karl Soehnlein

There's a tendency lately to describe gay characters in film, theater and literature like this: "So-and-so, who happens to be gay..." This is usually considered a compliment; the character's sexuality is a given, a sort of background against which the narrative gets played out. However, this attitude can, in the process of telling a story, strip a character of his or her political identity and all that makes it unique, in the hopes of making sexuality less of an "issue." *Mala Noche* isn't so coy: it's a film not just about desire, but about gay desire. Homosexuality is not an issue per se, but nor is it secondary; indeed, it's the axis on which the rest of the film rotates.

Mala Noche, made in 1985, is being brought back due to the success of director Gus Van Sant's latest film, *Drugstore Cowboy*. The specific and sympathetic voice given to junkies in that film here belongs to a gay man. Funkier in style (low-budget, black-and-white), *Mala Noche* once again reveals Van Sant's ability to get in the head of one of society's "misfits" and portray him both fairly and critically.

Walt (Tim Streeter) runs a dingy "convenience" store, selling Pall Malls and Night Train to the local street population. He is a character of contradictions—ranting about the needless slaughter of cattle for McDonald's burgers, then calling a woman a "fat cow slut" a few moments later. His life is brightened with the arrival of a new boy in town, a Mexican illegal alien with the romantically heroic name of Johnny Alonso.

The first time Johnny (Doug Cooyate) graces the store, Walt flirts openly and with glee, proclaiming his

love for the boy with only the slightest hints of bemusement from the rest of his low-life clientele. ("He likes men," one oldtimer tells another.) Johnny is homeless and broke, spending what little cash he has on cigarettes and video games. Walt takes advantage of the situation, offering food, shelter and driving lessons to Johnny and his constant companion Roberto (Ray Monge).

The film speeds along with jagged grace, pausing for joyous moments which justify Walt's one-sided pursuit of Johnny (a car ride, a playful afternoon with a home movie camera, a giddy dance in the kitchen). Like the road sequences in *Drugstore Cowboy*, where abstract beauty signified altered consciousness, events in *Mala Noche* are distilled to their emotional core; parts of the frame are often masked or disappear into shadow to highlight the essence of a scene.

After an unsuccessful attempt to bed Johnny, Walt takes Roberto home. The sequence encapsulates the film's ongoing intersection of poetry and realism. Their sex is filmed with both lyrical eroticism (planes of skin colliding in the light of a single bulb) and mundane reality (Walt running to the bathroom for the lube because Roberto is fucking with such clumsy fury.)

The day after, Walt struts down the boulevard looking James Dean-cocksure, his proud posture belied by his self-deprecating narrative: "My ass is sore. He tried to use his cock like a weapon, the macho-fucking prick." Walt "speaks" in one way or another throughout the entire film. Indeed, since neither Johnny nor any of his friends speak any English (and with one exception there are no subtitles), the viewer is forced to rely on Walt's translations. Despite the dangerous potential for a white man's slant on Latino immigrants, Walt's candid narrations are wonderfully self-aware, offering an occasionally profound, if often racially stereotypical, view of his desires and the "boys" who shape them.

Walt rationalizes it all for love, and willingly puts himself in the humiliating situations to consummate his obsession. Though definitely not PC, *Mala Noche* is oddly sexually liberating. Such a fucked-up gay character has rarely been portrayed with such clarity and sensitivity, and without shame. Walt may be pathetic, but he's not pathological.

Van Sant seems to take all of this in stride. Life is an uncontrollable series of events which are best managed with persistence and humor. *Mala Noche* stumbles matter-of-factly through "big issues"—power, desire, obsession—but declines any resolutions. As for Walt, despite tragedy, life goes on with a shrug of the shoulders and a rev of the engine. Walt doesn't fight the power, he just tries to grab his own little piece of it. ▼

Dance

Farrell Farewell



NO PRIMA MORE SERENA
Flowers for Farrell

by Otis Stuart

New York City Ballet, currently in residence at the New York State Theater, traditionally opens its winter season with a preview of coming attractions. Before *Nutcracker* claims December, NYCB audiences sometimes get two, this year one, weeks of the repertory performances that will resume in January. The bounty of this year's display approached the drunken-sailor stage of lavishness, including three landmark works by the company's founding choreographer, George Balanchine—*Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3* (precedent-setting ballerina role), *Square Dance* (ditto) and *Vienna Waltzes* (five scenes, company of 50).

The premiere week's concluding performance, however, was a reminder of how ephemeral a fact ballet is, even at its best. The program was a capsule testament to a NYCB contribution to dance, the 20th-century ballerina: *Square Dance* and *Vienna Waltzes* plus Peter Martins' *Sophisticated Lady* and Jerome Robbins' *In the Night*. The

emergent generation of NYCB male dancers such as Peter Boal, Damian Woetzel and Jeffrey Edwards, may be in the process of redefining the possibilities of men in classic dance, but ballerina has always been the company trump. At this performance, the stage was virtually littered with them, from an antic, electric Merrill Ashley in *Square Dance* to Judith Fugate sailing through the "Voices of Spring" section of *Vienna Waltzes*. But *Vienna Waltzes'* "Rosenkavalier" finale also concluded the career of perhaps the most influential ballerina of our time. As the work's shimmering centerpiece—miles of white satin train, tiara, the works—the company's muse in residence, Suzanne Farrell, retired from performing.

It was an appropriate choice for the send-off, not only because *Vienna Waltzes* was a ballet Balanchine made for Farrell; there were 23 of those between the time Farrell joined New York City Ballet in 1961 and Balanchine's last ballet, *Variations for Orchestra* in 1982, a solo for Farrell. For one thing, *Vienna Waltzes*, like Farrell, is the anomaly as success story. Full throttle theater, *Vienna Waltzes* is a ballet using pointe shoes in only one

of its five sections. Balanchine, the choreographer who taught audiences not to need narratives, made *Vienna Waltzes* character specific, including one scene, the "Gold and Silver Waltz," drawn from Léhar's *Merry Widow*. The finale floods the stage with ballet dancers in formal dress, waltzing—no more, never less.

As she proved once again at her farewell performance, for all the attempts at simulation, Farrell is also the exception that is its own rule. Probably no other woman in ballet has been as aggressively studied by her peers. During the 1960s, students aiming for NYCB went as far as painting dimples on their chins to look like her. The Farrell physique—long limbs, small head, radiant wealth—became the contemporary prototype, worldwide.

Vienna Waltzes calls for one of the prodigious, space devouring technique for which Farrell was first famous. Its movement vocabulary has one foot in our world. Young lovers meet in a garden. Experienced lovers toast and tangle. Finally, in a mirrored ballroom, a woman in white waltzes, first alone, then partnered, then amid a thousand other couples. The woman apart is Farrell, and her role, among other things, is all of romantic ballet compressed into a waltz. She dreams. She tries. She dies and is reborn on a stage filled with her likenesses.

It takes a big technique, the kind beyond any specific discipline. The basis if not only *what* is being done but *how*—fully, freely, fearlessly—and, most of all, *why*, the two areas of performance in which Farrell remains unparalleled. Her physical technique may be matched but not the qualities that amplified it—the depth, the wit and chic, the belief. Alone on her stage, Farrell waltzed with her phantom, then abandoned herself to her partner, and finally, alone again, circled out of sight, followed by the only possible compensation for the exit of that solitary figure: a stage filled with dancers. ▼

Music

Goodnight, Andy

by William F. Chafin

For four nights only, the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Opera House was the scene of the first collaborative reunion of John Cale and Lou Reed since disbanding the Velvet Underground in 1968. Consisting of 15 songs, *Songs for 'Drella-a Fiction* is a musical post-mortem portrait of the life of Andy Warhol: his small-town childhood, move to New York, artistic concepts, rise to fame, lifestyle and untimely death. Each song adds detail to the great portrayal filtered through Reed and Cale's memories of Warhol, the tone shifting from anger to love to wry irony to bitter resentment to nostalgic regret, reflecting the ambiguity of emotions each of the musicians feel when they think about Andy today.

Songs for 'Drella takes its title from the insider nickname for Warhol from the 60s. *'Drella*, a combination of Dracula and Cinderella, reflects the dichotomy of the Warhol mystique. A name the artist did not exactly like, the use of *'Drella* in the title is an aggressive act in itself and exposes the double-edged sword to be used to cut out and paste together this intimate portrait of Warhol the musicians are about to present.

While Lou Reed claims this work is entirely fictitious, these songs are definitely based in fact. The first one, "Smalltown" is about the artist's youth in Pittsburgh. It is immediately apparent that the depiction of Warhol we are about to get will be brutally honest, sparing no details or feelings. Calling Warhol a gay "pink-eyed painting albino" who can never fit in in Pittsburgh, it tells of Andy's early ambition to leave town and become an artist. Lamenting that "no one famous ever came from here...There's no Michelangelo coming from Pittsburgh," Warhol moves to New York and follows the customs of "Open House."

With his "hair silver like a Tiffany Watch," he is available in his home or at The Factory to anyone who comes around: "It's a Czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me/the way to make friends, Andy, is to invite them up for tea."

Lou Reed sings as shifting images of Warhol's "superstar" are projected behind him. The third song, "Style it Takes," sung by John Cale, describes the symbiotic method of Warhol's



ascendancy in his new environment: "You've got connections/I like your looks...I've got the style it takes/you've got the people it takes." But lest you think Andy merely leached his way to fame and fortune, the next song, a real shocker, explains that Warhol's main tenet was "Work." Reed tells a story about the pop icon asking him how many songs he'd written that day. As he had written none, he lied and said, "Ten." Warhol replied that was not enough. "If you want to get ahead you should have written 15," he tells Reed.

In "Faces and Names," shades of vulnerability begin to emerge in this musical portrait. With Cale as Andy, deep insecurities are expressed: "Faces and names only cause trouble for me...I always fall in love with someone who looks like I wish I could...I wish I

was a robot or machine...People who want to meet the name I have are always disappointed in me." "Images" finally speaks of Andy's art. While his Electric Chair is being projected, shifting colors constantly, Cale plays the hell out of his viola and Reed accompanies on guitar while we find "it doesn't matter what I'm thinking/it's the images worth repeating."

"A Dream" is one of the most moving pieces of the entire song-cycle. A John Cale/Eno-esque song of floating, beautifully-layered textures, Cale recites excerpts from the now infamous Warhol diary. Sometimes funny ("Ondine is so normal off drugs, I don't get it"), but ultimately poignant, Warhol complains that he hates Lou Reed because he thinks Reed hates him. Always the Outsider, always ultimately alone, the diary entry/song ends sadly with "nobody called and nobody came." In the final song, "Hello, It's Me," Reed sings about regret and lingering resentments: "I wish I talked to you more when you were alive...I really miss you/when I saw you last I turned away...I thought you were self-assured but you were really shy...You're diaries are not a worthy epitaph...Goodnight Andy."

Ultimately, *Songs for 'Drella-a Fiction* is a remarkable work. Members of the audience were heard afterward commenting how on target they had captured Warhol—with no bullshit added. Indeed, the historical tension between the triangle John Cale, Lou Reed and Andy Warhol helped to weave together a gripping concert-theater piece that I enjoyed immensely. Enhanced by the scenic design and projections of Jerome Sirkin (Philip Glass' *1,000 Airplanes on the Roof*), the classically trained Cale, in perfect counterpoint to the rock-oriented Reed, created an indelibly candid portrait of Warhol as an artist and as a man. Goodnight Andy! Sweet Dreams. ▼

A DAY WITHOUT ART,

Friday December 1, 1989

Days of mourning and remembrance: the commemoration of wars, massacres and unforgettable horrors that bleed out of our pasts. We separate them from the routine and banality of our existence and rarify them into moments of found consciousness. Or do we? On Friday December 1, over 600 art institutions across the country participated in "A Day Without Art." Intended to set into relief the art community's stupefying loss of life to AIDS, the day aspired at once to give pause and to provoke indignity, to encompass mourning and action. Galleries were closed, lights dimmed, works covered or removed. Some of the gestures made constituted extremely specific and personal statements, others ranged into broader and more universal expressions. "A Day Without Art" strove for a certain coherence in the face of the mad discontinuity that is this epidemic. Whether it "succeeded" is a subject open to debate, as is the question of whether "success" is measurable on such occasions. Of greater merit, it seems to me, is the dialogue and reflection inspired by "A Day Without Art." Below are some voices heard from the community that day, those of artists, critics, curators and gallery owners.

—Sarah Pettit

Thomas Sokolowski, Director Grey Art Gallery and Study Center and member of the Visual AIDS Steering Committee:

What Visual AIDS and a Day Without Art are attempting to do, and not for the last time either, is to speak to audiences far and wide in ways which they have not been spoken to before. It is our plan to augment the efforts in place to raise money, to lobby and to work in activist ways to

bring about the end of discrimination of PWAs.

Laura Cottingham, Critic:

Perhaps A Day Without Art has a symbolic value, although what worth it has, specifically, evades me. One of the more puzzling and, I think, homophobic "commemorations" was orchestrated at the Met, where Picasso's *Portrait of Gertrude Stein* was removed. How did they choose Picasso, the most actively (and destructively) heterosexual male artist documented in 20th century art history? Is it because the Met wanted to remind the viewing public that most famous artists are macho men? Or is it because too many homosexual artists are (or were) closeted, so the only available symbol of homosexuality in the arts is Stein who, though publicly homosexual, symbolizes the lowest risk group in the U.S. (lesbians), not (one of) the highest (gay men).

Martha Wilson, Founder and Director of the Franklin Furnace in an open letter to NEA Chairman John Frohnmyer:

Ours is a multicultural society in which the images of Andres Serrano and Robert Mapplethorpe do have artistic merit.

David Wojnarowicz, Artist:

Museums are institutions in which people feel OK viewing sexual images. There is a built-in trust that people have for museums, that they are the arbiters of good taste, that to view the work on exhibit there is acceptable. A Day Without Art is valuable in that these institutions have acknowledged the epidemic and that people are then seeing the epidemic. But why not consider a day without breathing, without people? It would give a better view of the epidemic, not such an isolated one. It could go

much farther than the art world. Most of the media is still helping to keep the notion of an isolated epidemic alive. What about a national day without people?

Massimo Audiello, Gallery Owner:

AIDS has its seeds in what seems to be a very important thing: our natural need and desire for love. This makes the whole thing a terrible and absurd nightmare.

Through AIDS we are learning a lot about our social and human existence. We are learning to give an appropriate value to love, which means relationships which are not based on a materialistic exploitation of our bodies and our desires. We are learning a lot about the infamous level of existence of the minority groups, which seem to be among the most wounded, with all the related problems of housing, hygiene, education and medical assistance. We are learning that AIDS does not differentiate between classes, and that functioning society should work to all levels, not just high and medium.

It is terrible that to learn about ourselves we have had to be infected by this illness and that millions of people are paying with their lives in a world madness.

Now it is time to do something about it.

Kinshasha Holman Conwill, Executive Director, The Studio Museum In Harlem:

When The Studio Museum in Harlem was approached to participate in A Day Without Art, we were especially eager to be part of this day of mourning and remembrance. As the major African American arts museum in the world, the museum is doubly affected by the tragedy that is the AIDS crisis. With our December 1 event we are responding to the ongoing toll this disease has taken on the

art world, and its escalating destruction in the African American community.

We are presenting readings by "Other Countries" because of the group's positive message and eloquent voices of empowerment. With this presentation, we hope to serve as exemplar in the community and encourage all responsible institutions in Harlem and across the nation to place the AIDS epidemic high on their agendas.

**Gregg Bordowitz and
Jean Carlomusto,
Videomakers:**

We align ourselves with everyone who withdrew their participation from the art world on A Day Without Art. But, we call for a day that AIDS activists question the definition of art. We think that the category of art should be expanded to include explicit safer sex information and information about drugs and alternative treatments. The definition of art should include all culture that is produced by people in the communities hit hardest by AIDS out of their efforts to combat government inaction; out of their efforts to represent themselves and their conditions of existence. All cultural work that is produced out of movements for social change deserves to be included within the category of art.

Steven Pico, Artist and First Amendment Advocate:

Anti-intellectualism in the 1970s resulted in book-banning across the U.S. and the election of Ronald

Reagan. The book banners were defeated after years of hard work and a U.S. Supreme Court decision which stated: "Our Constitution does not permit the official suppression of ideas." [Board of Education, Island Trees v. Pico (1982)]

In the 1990s, the issue will be censorship in the visual arts: whether to purge museums and galleries of unpleasant realities such as AIDS, to silence the expression of unpopular or controversial ideas, and to limit discussion on facts of life with which

It is not the role of government to prevent ideas from reaching the people.

Artists are at the forefront of thought, expression and change in every society; they present the truth as they see it, and certain truths, such as AIDS, cannot be portrayed tastefully, they can only be portrayed realistically.

A Day Without Art is a symbolic beginning to a bitter struggle about the future of freedom of thought and expression in American culture.

**David Rimanelli,
Critic:**

For the most part, A Day Without Art consisted of symbolic erasures. Museums and galleries dimmed their lights or closed shop for the day. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Picasso's *Portrait of Gertrude Stein* was temporarily removed, replaced by a statement on the exasperating and seemingly inexorable loss of life from AIDS.

Louise Lawler's installation at Metro Pictures, Helms Amendment (#963), adumbrates a different kind of loss and mourning metaphorically enacted by darkness and disappearance. Referring to politically-sanctioned

dimness, Lawler has simply installed 94 identical black and white photos of a spilt paper cup, labelling each with the name of a senator who voted in favor of the Helms Amendment (four abstained, and only two—Moynihan and Weicker—dissented). Spare, reserved and deadpan, Lawler's installation was creepily resonant. In the face

See A DAY WITHOUT ART on page 62

ALL PEOPLE WITH AIDS ARE INNOCENT



**THE OFFENDING ITEM
Gran Fury's flap-raising flag**

Americans refuse to come to terms such as nudity, eroticism, human sexuality in general and homosexuality in particular.

The First Amendment protects not only freedom to speak, but to think and to create. I believe it also protects corollary freedoms: the right of the public to read, to see, to know and to receive information and ideas.

A New Venue

by Jon Nalley

An art exhibit in a bar? That's exactly what happened on Sunday, November 19, when The Tunnel Bar at First Avenue and Seventh Street hosted *Gay All the Way: An Art Exhibition in Its Own Environment*. Featuring work of the most homoerotic quality, patrons of this East Village watering-hole viewed works by a number of noted gay male artists heretofore seen only in galleries.

What a pleasure to see Adrian Kellard's 1986 work "Lust" upon entering Tunnel Bar. This hanging carved and painted wooden objet d'art can only be described as an altar to homosexuality. Topped with superimposed frontal and rear 70s IN TOUCH-type cheesecake and a *Honcho* cover hunk pushke in the middle, Kellard recognizes the final step with a paper towel dispenser on the bottom. The artist should really do an exhibition of his masturbation works, including the 1982 "Nightstand." Working as he does on heavy wooden sculptures, it's no wonder that Kellard has such nice arms.

The flat black walls of this bar provided a most apropos backdrop for these works, among them Plauto's five cibachromes, in wonderful angled perspective, of hanging, prostrate and lying hunks in shadowed, empty areas. This milieu was also perfect for Ernest Thorington's titillating multimedia paintings, "Fits of Love 1 & 2." Superimposed on this oil were such xeroxed photos as a hot harnessed man with looming and booming cock and text relating to "cum dripping from Jeff's chest," "pumping gallons of cum," and "each lash hurting less."

Exuding talent with a variety of media and representation, two very different works by Lee Brozgold were contained in *Gay All the Way*.

Reminiscent of a George Grosz work, Brozgold's "Boys! Live!" of a man in a skin-flick theater row servicing a hotly toroed body as an older man looks on dispassionately, contrasted quite interestingly with his other piece in the exhibition—the paper-maché "Leona Helmsley Double Dildo Mask." Its Satanic form, in exciting color with a nice "toy" strapped to the front, is a most appropriate way to represent the



Boy With Clothespins, oil on canvas,
by Alan Hampshire Photo: Michael Huhn

immense greed and power of the rich.

Whether the chained, bearded man depicted against heavy metal siding in Martin Wong's powerful painting "Null and Void," Jonathan Dobin's cock and buttocks al fresco in "Moonscape," or Steven Lott's two collage/paintings, all reflected to some degree the variety of conflicts inherent to the spectrum of gay male sexuality. In Richard Merle's rogues gallery of ten prelates, the audience was provided with a printed ballot in order to select the two who seem "Gay All the Way" (alluding to the *Time* magazine report that 20 percent of the Catholic clergy is gay).

Alan Hampshire's two works in the exhibit were a delight to view, particularly the intensely introspective washboard-stomached blond, clothes pins attached to his cock and balls, in "Boy with Clothespins." Strong strains of eroticism are also found in Greg Dawn's three b&d'd figures, replete with rope and metal bindings, erect cocks and gagged mouths (one with a dildo). This, while erotic male images from the TV screen are brought to the fore by Bruce Eve's 1989 untitled photographs and Neil Polen explores the dark side of gay male sexuality in

"Human Trap." The latter, a 1986 photo, depicts a completely latexed, bound male figure under a sink (down by the box of Brillo pads and oven spray cleaner) with the kitchen sink's drain pipe going into his mouth. As usual, Polen craftfully uses starkness and lighting in his composition.

While saturated as a community by Quilt images, Joe Caputo's two black and whites well capture different levels of emotion around that Herculean grassroots effort. Benjamin Leipelt's 1988 painting on three canvases "Queen Tut" is representative of the *sturm und drang* within gay life generally and its sexuality in particular. Shadow and texture were evident in Bill Costa's wonderful photo 1987 work "Men with the tenderest of flesh are made of marble," upon which a photo of a classic male nude sculpture was juxtaposed with a most alluring man—complete with a yummy tummy, hot veiny foreskinned prick and nice bush—very much of the present.

Across from the pool table and within earshot of the pinball machine and video game, were "Modern Embryo" and "Moonbathing." The irony of this venue was inherent in David Fisch's oil sketch "Next Morning." The man painted was someone he'd picked up at The Tunnel. Curated by Rick Barnett, the nine-hour *Gay All the Way* exhibit ended with performance/demonstrations by chained, manacled and masked members of the New York Bondage Club. ▼

Performance

Mason/Stockman Line

by John Wasser

With his curly blond hair, cherubic face and friendly manner, Todd Stockman could easily have become another chorus boy, forever dancing on the cusp of greatness. Luckily for us, at age seven, his mother handed him a puppet and a ventriloquist was born. His show at Eighty-Eights is the perfect antidote to the holiday blues, a sumptuous laugh riot guaranteed to leave everyone in stitches. The last time I howled this much was at Joan Rivers' 1983 Carnegie Hall concert. And those were the days when most of the audience was still trying to decide whether out was in or vice versa.

Of course, the agile Mr. Stockman doesn't go it alone. He receives tremendous help from some close friends, or "The Kids" as they are known. These handsomely designed puppets serve as Stockman's alter ego, enabling both him and us to instantly evoke childlike merriment of sophisticated charm. And this show has enough charm and wit to outlast Noel Coward. Unlike the late Wayland Flowers whose bitchy puppet Madam masqueraded as an adult humor machine, Stockman's Kids are home-grown muppets who have expropriated life's idiosyncrasies for their own lopsided use. One even harbors a sexual secret which comes in handy at the most appropriate moment.

Buster, a furry creature with a wide-eyed innocence, introduces us via song, to a world of pure imagination. Buster, like the puppets who follow and reappear throughout the evening may be "dummies," but you could never tell by their offbeat chatter or amusing anecdotes. Obie, the bald puppet with a healthy ego, offers excellent imitations of Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder, going as far as to

explain the reasons for their various rhythmical movements.

These puppets ("the ventriloquated," according to Buster) sing songs in Spanish and Pig-Latin, make passes at audience members, tell dirty jokes and imitate the famous; everyone from a palsy-ridden Katherine Hepburn to a maniacal Tina Turner. If these men and women of the hand have anything in common, it's their overt sexual playfulness. But the jokes are wrapped in a soft cashmere blanket, excusing them from any hostile reactions. Who would want to tackle with a dummy?



HE OBVIOUSLY NEVER SAW "MAGIC"
Todd Stockman and one of the "Kids"

Photo: Roy Blakesley

So far, the public has yet to discover Todd Stockman. Once this review is on the newsstands, I have a sneaking suspicion the secret will be out.

There is no secret about Karen Mason. She has been singing for her supper since the late 1970s, first at the Duplex, then systematically progressing to the city's larger boites. She has finally landed a Broadway role, replacing yenta songstress Debbie Shapiro in "Jerome Robbins Broadway" and has returned to the cabaret stage for her Eighth Annual Christmas Show. If Todd Stockman provokes tears of laughter, Karen Mason's singing glides down as smoothly as mercury over ice. Her mouth opens and what emerges are some of the sweetest sounds you'll hear this holiday season.

I'm not quite sure what connotes a singing star. Sure there's the vocal instrument, the intonation and that undefinable quality called charisma. If Karen Mason has not yet achieved stardom in the Broadway/Hollywood/Recording firmament, it's not due to lack of talent which is on ample display during this wonderful show.

Dressed in a strapless black gown, she stands on the tiny stage illuminated by an amber spotlight. The song is "Silent Night," the traditional standard we've known since our bygone youth. Midway through the song, while her voice is soaring to a crescendo, I sneak a peek around the room. All eyes are upon her. Nobody sips a cocktail, sneezes or shifts in their seat. Even Maggie, the waitress, watches in amazement, attempting to balance a trayful of drinks and her own curiosity. Such devotion is rare.

Let it be known: Superb vocal technique does not guarantee a flawless show. However, given the paucity of song stylists today, it certainly provides a certain cushion. In Mason's case, her flawless "vocalese" supercedes several minor glitches. The patter in between songs sometimes seems trite and once in a while there is no fluidity in her movements. I know this is a Christmas Show, but except for a smattering of "Dreydel Dreydel," where is a good old-fashioned Chanukah song? There might be 12 days of Christmas, but the Jews are only four days behind.

But I choose to ignore these flaws which in time, will work themselves out. Instead, I lean back, relax and listen to Mason's lush voice caressing "The Christmas Song," "Sleigh Ride" and other December favorites. If I have one regret it's that I wasn't sharing this cozy moment with someone I love. ▼

Todd Stockman and the Kids plays Saturdays December 16, 23, 30 at 8:30 pm. Karen Mason plays Saturdays 16, 23 at 11:30. Both at Eighty-Eights, 228 W. 10th St. Tel. (212) 924-0088.

Performance

AIDS and Poetry: Changing the Channels



WHAT A GRAND GROUP
Other Countries pose it up

Photo: Rodney K. Hurley

by Ray Navarro

At the Harlem Studio Museum, Faith Reingold's beautiful quiltworks offered a powerful visual analog for *Acquired Visions: Seeing Ourselves Through AIDS*, presented there by Other Countries, a collective of Black gay male poets who live and work in New York. Reingold's colorfully stitched panels reminded museum-goers of the greats of Black History. On this World AIDS Day, these magical, gifted word-loving men offered the following reminder: many threads within the Names Project Quilt are Black, but they are also gay, tearful and angry.

Tito Malcom Davis, David Frechette, Roy Gonsalves, Colin Robinson, Christopher Dana Rose, Terence Taylor and Donald Woods showered the neighborhood with fiery

bursts of Black English, limp wrists and clenched fists. Other Countries have continuously asserted their accomplishments as living Black gay male poets. I first encountered their work through the remarkable *Pyramid Periodical* (a must for poetry lovers) which I found calling to me from a shelf in Philadelphia's two-story lesbian and gay bookstore, appropriately named Giovanni's Room. Turning one powerful page after another, the works of Roy Gonsalves, David Frechette and Colin Robinson literally sang to me on the train home, leaving me hungry for more. Happily I encountered them again at Yale's Outside/Inside Lesbian and Gay Conference where members of the collective presented a rich reading that touched my heart deeply during a weekend of otherwise tepid academic drivel.

I was excited to learn that they would soon unveil a new body of work dealing specifically with AIDS. So it was with quiet anticipation that I warmed my hands on a halogen bulb in this brightly lit performance gallery, and listened carefully.

Acquired Visions began with static—the dumb technical voice of a television set, which suddenly begins spitting out Donahue and Koppel, two of those white men who tell us what to think every day. Changing the channels, we are stopped suddenly as a Black face appears, a young gay man reflecting upon the social crisis of AIDS, and the Black artist's dilemma in confronting it. Several such interviews follow, dragging AIDS from the white controlled airwaves down,

down to the earth, to Harlem itself, where these young poets will not only set the issue aflame, but will kick it in the butt and send it running.

And run it did. Words and images propelled this audience into the life experiences of these men and their friends, people I feel I have known. Such as Ramon, ("he walked for hours in the park for years...and knew the floor plans of the X-rated theaters by heart...") of Clift, ("...who woke up one day angry, a member of the majority...ACTING UP"). The stuff of each text was daily life, testimony to the extent of the effects of AIDS and HIV infection upon the lives of the Black communities generally and of these poets in particular.

A live video interlink offered viewers several points of view of the performance, as well as providing humorous cutaways to objects referred to in the barrage of metaphors. But more importantly, each line, stanza and verse quietly wove a presence in the room, each effort revealed to us a person living, fighting and loving. Memories of lovers and friends blowing purple smoke-rings in a blue-lit room, a vaseline monster, a bible thumper, a practitioner of the B'hai faith, a person with AIDS.

This seemed to be the point of *Acquired Visions*: that yes, Black men are rap, music, poetry, kites in the wind, risks. But the Black brothers we have lost to AIDS were people, are people still, with feelings, stories worth telling pleasures and pure history.

The formal challenge here was taken on with full force. How to avoid a mish-mash of faceless names? So much AIDS "theater" has resulted in clichéd whining about government inaction, or obscure personal references where "blackness" or minimal set

See AIDS AND POETRY on page 71

Theater

Bloo Ribbon



Daphne (Julia Dares) flanked by Antinous (Paul Shaw, left) and Hadrian (Bette Bourne, right)

BLOOLIPS at Theater for the New City in *Get Hur (A Roman Epic)* 155 First Avenue at 10th Street, (212) 254-1109. Nov. 30 through Dec. 17, Thursdays through Sundays, 11 pm, \$5.00.

by Maria Maggenti

The best humor, the kind that intensifies and heightens our understanding of human experience, always contains an element of pathos. It's a feeling that you could be crying just as easily as you are laughing but you keep on laughing because it really is ridiculous and surprising and comical and silly the way those two men are talking to each other while wearing those drooping t-shirts and men's underwear on their heads which are supposed to represent Egyptian "hair" and they seem to be laughing themselves and winking slightly at the audience which makes you feel complicitous and privileged and curious about what will happen next in this fragile but resilient arrangement called the theater.

This is the great gift of BLOOLIPS theater company, currently on view in a more intimate production than usual *Get Hur (A Roman Epic)*, a story of the vicissitudes of an ancient Imperial love life pushed to its most illogical and queerest of extremes with funny and poignant results. The story is Emperor Hadrian's misfortuned love for a young man named Antinous whose untimely and mysterious death creates the catalyst for action in the play. Was Antinous a victim of one of those "scratch-your-eyes-out-drag-balls?" asks one character, or was he kidnapped and made a slave?

Hadrian (exquisitely and excellently played by company co-founder and core-member Bette Bourne) is assisted in this backward search through history by Daphne, the oracle

and high priestess (Julia Dares), a tall, cherubic faced Amazon who gets to play drag in the most exuberant and hilarious way AND be a lesbian in the very first boy/girl drag show I have ever seen. She is also the first female member of BLOOLIPS. Antinous (Paul Shaw aka Precious Pearl) is notable not only for his petite frame and angelic face but also his glowing bottom which lights up every time someone lovingly gazes at it. Rounding out the players there is a lively though non-speaking piano player (Mark Steinberg) who pounds out tunes to match the various crazed queen dramas that take up the space. The stage is simple and well lighted—twirls of tulle and ionic columns almost make the theater look like a bedroom from JerryStyle on East 4th Street.

When Hadrian calls on Daphne to help him determine how it was that Antinous died, she delivers a special memory potion that will allow the two of them to re-experience the fateful night of Antinous' disappearance. They meet a range of characters (all played by Bourne, Dares and Shaw) who represent some of the ugliest and most ludicrous aspects of contemporary Western life including Rim and Fammy Tae Bakker who worship a creature named Sandy and whose religious devotion is partly predicated on eliminating homosexuals from the face of the earth, and a philosophy professor who has gone mad and whose song "Dig a Little Deeper" is an excellent example of how humor can be used to convey the most complex and difficult of specifically gay and lesbian experience. When the mad, flatulent, stinking professor sings that Antinous was killed as a result of self-hatred, there was a palpable sense of recognition and devastation in the audience.

Daphne gets more than a few good moments in this piece—both as a "lesbian dick" (detective) where she gets to sing a ribald song about her "first time with a girl" and as Diana the Huntress with the golden arrow who is as good as she is wise. When Hadrian finally decides to reunite with Antinous despite the fact that Antinous must live in the netherworld, I felt overwhelmed by the many loving gay feelings in this funny production. It seemed as though the play were a long, daffy, drag queen metaphor for our lives in the AIDS crisis where we constantly wish to move backwards in time and re-do what is now gone and where we struggle daily not to die of our own self-hatred. This core of deep feeling around which all the humor of the play is tethered was so well done that I found the chaotic staging, forgotten lines and constant flirting with the audience only more charming and even needed as we realized we were watching ourselves as well as the play. At the end, when Hadrian joins Antinous and sings a little ditty beckoning Antinous to be his "sleepytime pal and stay home one night" the two of them together, I could hear a man in the audience weeping. Meanwhile, the rest of the audience was laughing. The best humor, the most meaningful and long lasting kind, always tells us more about ourselves than we think we need to hear. BLOOLIPS is absolutely a must-see. ▼

Gold in Coal Mines



Peter Parker, Biographer Photo: Jerry Bauer

Ackerley: The Life of J.R. Ackerley, by Peter Parker. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$25.00. 465 pp.

by John Wing

It comes as no surprise to find in Peter Parker's biography that J.R. Ackerley led a messy and entangled life. Ackerley had told as much in his memoirs, *My Father and Myself*, in which he announced his illegitimate birth in the opening line: "I was born in 1896 and my parents were married in 1919." Ackerley's frank discussion of the failings of his upbringing and his descriptions of his numerous sexual encounters (what he mock-innocently called his search for the "Ideal Friend"), shocked and outraged his friends and family with his uncharacteristic grimness. Ackerley's oldest friend, E.M. Forster, with his mania for discretion, was appalled. "It seems so ill-tempered, and such a reproach to all his friends...I wish I could give him a good smack!" The book, in fact, was never meant to be a full self-portrait, just a quick sketch. One reads Ackerley's memoirs without a hint that he had many close friends, that for nearly 25

years he was the literary editor of a leading English journal, or that he was one of the most esteemed writers of his generation, in the same class as Evelyn Waugh and Christopher Isherwood. What Parker has done has been to compose Ackerley's life into a coherent whole, making it possible for the first time to view the struggles and contradictions that made him such a misunderstood figure.

J.R. Ackerley was born to an upper-middle-class Victorian family of precarious respectability. His mother was your garden variety neurasthenic, vague and hypochondriacal, once claiming to have swallowed her uvula. His father kept another family—a mistress and their three children—hidden in a nearby village; the two families met—to their mutual astonishment—at the father's funeral. A sister, Nancy, was spoiled and argumentative, became progressively insane and a lifelong burden to Ackerley. The one hope of the family's declining fortunes rested on a brother, Peter, who was killed in the Great War.

"I had been brought up to suppose that people controlled their emotions and did not spill them about like piss or shit," Ackerley wrote. If he was puritanical in sexual matters in his youth and early adulthood, he quickly made up for lost time. Parker writes at length about Ackerley's dizzying rounds of seduction. Ackerley had a weakness for sailors and policemen. He was also fond of the rough and ready members of the royal brigade of guards, famous for supplementing their meager salaries from His Majesty by servicing customers behind the barracks ("...these brave soldiers are of incalculable use to a great many lonely bachelors in London.") From the mercenary-types Ackerley preferred, it was not likely that he was going to meet the "Ideal Friend" of his fantasies. Indeed, Forster warned him to "give up looking for gold in coal mines." As he got

older, Ackerley began to buoy up his hopes with alcohol, rarely going anywhere without his bottle of gin.

The "Ideal Friend" did materialize—sort of—in a shape no one could have expected: A German shepherd named Queenie. Ackerley claimed his obsession with sex diminished as his love for Queenie grew. Queenie plays a supporting role in Ackerley's novel *We Think the World of You*, and takes center stage in *My Dog Tulip*, a hymn to canine love. This last book was considered highly indecent, especially the chapters on Tulip's bowels ("Liquids and Solids") and on Ackerley's attempts to have her mated ("The Turn of the Screw"). The book only passed the censors because of a legal question as to whether obscenity laws applied to dogs (as honored in England as the Royal Family) as they did to humans. *Hindoo Holiday*, Ackerley's 1932 account of his time in India as the secretary to an eccentric Maharajah, suffered severe cuts because of its amusing portrayal of the Maharajah's interest in boys and the generally lustful atmosphere of the court.

Ackerley was an artist and a rebel. He had the romantic's desire for ideals and distastes for limits. His writing has a clarity that is almost shocking. To an editor friend about the duties of a writer to be provocative, Ackerley said:

To speak the truth, I think that people ought to be upset...I think that life is so important and, in its workings, so upsetting, that nobody should be spared, but that it should (be) rammed down their throats from morning to night.

Ackerley is a difficult subject for a biography since, having written so brilliantly about himself in journals, letters and books, it would seem that no one could possibly contribute anything else to our understanding him. But because Parker has carefully—and with the narrative skills of a novelist—stitched together the colorful strands of Ackerley's character, we are able to see patterns and motifs hitherto unsuspected. Parker's biography has the truth and resonance of a work of art. And Ackerley, who strove to create art out of the muddle of his life, would be pleased. ▼

Books

Trouble Maker

Gender Trouble: Feminism and the Subversion of Identity, by Judith Butler, Routledge. \$32.50/cl., \$12.95/pb. 172 pp.

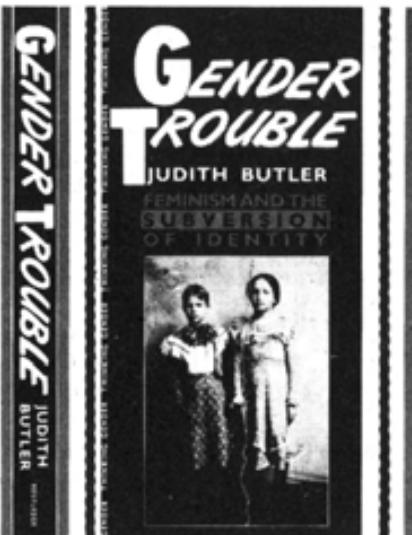
by Jamie Shapiro

Think of some of the most hilarious scenes from John Waters' films: the "rosary job" (an exotic form of lesbian toy play) Mink Stole gives Divine while incanting "Remember the stations of the cross" in *Multiple Maniacs*; the incestuous licking fit which overtakes Divine and her son ("Mother I'm about to give you the gift which only a son can give") in *Pink Flamingoes*; the bull dyke Mole's fast food style sex change operation ("I wants me a sex change and I wants it now") and the self-castration to which it ultimately lead in *Desperate Living*. The rules and conventions of everything from Catholicism and the nuclear family to pornography expand the sexual imagination, open up new fields of sexual perversity and pleasure. In the parallel universes of Divine and Judith Butler, laws exist to be broken and to make it you've got to make some trouble.

"To make trouble was, within the reigning discourse of my childhood, something one should never do precisely because it would get one *in* trouble." So begins Butler's compelling, provocative *Gender Trouble*. Observing that "...rebellion and its reprimand seemed to be caught up in the same terms...", she concludes that "trouble is inevitable and the task, how best to make it, what best way to be in it." This personal revelation guides Butler's analysis of the predicament so familiar to feminists, lesbians and gays, of contradicting the heterosexual categories of masculine and feminine while at the same time feeling "caught up" in them.

For decades, feminists rejecting male-centered discussions of gender and

sexuality have constructed their own definitions of the terms "woman" and "femininity" believing that therein lay women's "liberation." One important strategy of theirs runs something like this: first, presume the anatomical differences between men and women to be unquestionably natural; treat "the body" and its drives as biological realities upon which social interpretations are projected; find in "female desire" or "the female body" an essential femininity; and finally, claim that



this femininity so repressed and devalued by patriarchal culture exists outside that culture's domain. *Gender Trouble* casts a skeptical eye on theoretical projects which would have us believe that we can transcend culture as we know it by reclaiming some natural and non-heterosexual sexuality or identity.

Butler outlines a newly emerging feminist politics grounded in the notion that culture doesn't simply control and shape but actually constructs bodies and their sexuality. Sexual desires and pleasures, even the "penis" and "vagina" as discrete body parts, are the creations of intersecting and overlapping cultural phenomena such as the incest taboo, the religious ritual of confession and the sciences of anatomy and psychiatry. Culture then covers up its tracks by introducing the myth of "the

natural." This means that whenever we talk about "feminine desire" or "the female body" we talk about culture and gender: "Bodies cannot be said to have a signifiable existence prior to the mark of their gender."

Gender Trouble abandons the "search for...a genuine or authentic sexual identity that repression has kept from view." Butler contends that feminist attempts to reclaim the sexual identity category "woman" by stabilizing it, by pinning it to particular bodies and experiences may in fact serve the interests of the powers that be, because such attempts cover up the intricate and deceptive way sexuality and identity are socially regulated. In contrast, her own text asks us to consider "what political possibilities are the consequence of a radical critique of the categories of identity?"

How, then, would Butler have us make gender trouble? Perhaps we should take our cue from drag, which offers us "sex and gender denaturalized by means of a performance which avows their distinctness and dramatizes the cultural mechanism of their fabricated unity." Or from lesbian butch/femme roleplay which can "themmatize 'the natural' in parodic contexts that bring into relief the performative construction of an original and true sex." While Butler never exactly prescribes these forms of genderbending, she does suggest that we can work our culture's vast warehouse of sexual prohibitions and imperatives, gestures and costumes, to the bone and in the process devise new sexual identities, new configurations of sexes, genders and desires. By subverting gender norms we may ultimately deprive "compulsory heterosexuality of...[its] central protagonists: 'man' and 'woman.'"

At times brilliant, always groundbreaking, *Gender Trouble* is bound to make some trouble of its own. It is, quite simply, the theoretical primer for 90s genderfucking. ▼

A DAY WITHOUT ART from page 55

of power's dull and obdurate impassivity, we don't even have the luxury of wondering if the cup is half empty or half full. (At Metro Pictures, downstairs gallery, 150 Greene St., thru Dec. 23).

Zoe Leonard, Artist and Activist:

Catherine Saalfeld and I went to Yale to show our video, *Keep Your Laws Off My Body*. The tape juxtaposes images of a lesbian relationship with the massive police presence at an ACT UP demonstration and the text from nine laws that govern our control over our bodies and restrict our sexuality (including Helms Amendments, reproductive rights laws, sodomy and obscenity laws).

The day itself is necessary and most of the gestures well intentioned with the possible exception of the removal of Gertrude Stein, but I have so much trouble taking the day out of context. I feel overwhelmed by the enormity of our task at hand and our loss and the immense change that needs to occur.

I keep remembering my last trip to Washington to speak on a panel about women and AIDS. My cab driver asked me where I was going and when I told him, he said, "I've got AIDS" and we sat and talked and he took his AZT. And all that day I thought about him, and I knew it was so good that I was at the panel, and yet it seemed that we are so very far from where we need to be.

David Hirsch, Critic:

The national scope of A Day Without Art was especially valuable in stressing the need for more awareness about the plague. Hopefully it will encourage more art spaces to mount exhibits on different facets of the subject. Hopefully several more thousands felt how close we all live to its insidious pain.

Personally, I believe in the need for life-affirmation more than for tributes to the dead. In that vein, two pointed conceptual exhibits opened just before December 1: the David Deitcher, Robbin Marsh, Hunter Reynolds, Catherine Saalfeld collaborative installation at Simon Watson explores civil disobedience and AIDS.

The Tom Barr, Felix Gonzalez Toress, Michael Jenkins, John Lindell group show at Paula Allen shows a more distinctively gay theme. Both are open until December 22.

Tributes to those dead inevitably center, for me, on my lover for six years, Abbot Burns, a brilliant artist who died at age 30. I saw no tribute locally on December 1 which recognized the scope of talent lost.

I kept thinking of artists living with AIDS. At the Metropolitan Museum, I suddenly noticed the bees walking across a beautiful male nude in Lucas Cranach the Elder's "Venus and Cupid the Honey Thief." I thought of David Wojnarowicz's *Ant Series*, where, in one piece, ants crawl across another male nude. In the Cranach painting, a Latin inscription reads, in part, "Thus, we seek transitory and dangerous pleasures that are mixed with sadness and bring us pain." Wojnarowicz, an inspired explorer of the frustrations of living with AIDS, on the other hand, deals with the pain of watching people making themselves stupid with closed vision.

Abbot was last seen in a dream of Natasha Shulman making out with young boys.

Humberto Chavez, Curator of *Images and Words: Artists Respond to AIDS* at Henry Street Settlement House:

Censorship these days comes in both scandalous and subtle ways. While curating *Images and Words* at Henry Street Settlement (an organization that serves the Lower East Side through social and artistic programs, AIDS programs and a future housing facility for AIDS patients) Barbara Tate, H.S.S. Arts for Living Center Director, rejected Gran Fury's work of art, a banner which would hang outside the gallery and which reads "ALL PEOPLE WITH AIDS ARE INNOCENT." The gallery windows were also denied for installation of the banner, because the message could be read from the street. Ms. Tate told me the banner was "too political," and told Gran Fury's Robert Vazquez that she was concerned about a strong reaction from conservative members of the H.S.S.

community, statements she later denied to the press. Daniel Kronenfeld, H.S.S. Executive Director, stated to the press that, "We have a policy of no banners on the outside of the building"—a policy never made known to me during two years of work for H.S.S., and which they would not wish discussed now. I then cancelled the exhibition, rather than compromise our curatorial and artistic integrity. In order to find a solution and reinstate the show, I requested a city permit to install the banner across Grand Street in front of the gallery, a proposal which H.S.S. accepted only after openly divorcing itself from any connection with the artwork, its installation and insurance. Barbara Tate and H.S.S. have remained silent to my request for a public statement on the truth of their decision, and perhaps we will never know why they refused to identify themselves with the banner's statement.

I must assume that a more subtle and generalized form of censorship is invading our art institutions and centers. By allowing us to present half-truths, they violate our freedom of expression as artists, and the public's right to interpretation. The "new morality" of a "kinder and gentler" nation is only another excuse for discrimination, condemnation and stigmatization of anyone who does not fit their bill, and a way of raising themselves above those they wish destroyed. AIDS-phobia and homophobia represent the crux of the matter, the culmination of our society's bigotry. As artists we must show the world that to be alive is to portray and celebrate life in all of its drama, in all of its magnificent truth. Art is visionary and must be free in order to fulfill its value in society and inspire others into self-knowledge and action to speak against those who oppress and discriminate, and who stand in the way of our addressing society's ills. Our messages cannot be bound by codes or mores, or by alliances to governmental, ideological or private interests. Art is our only language. We speak the truth and the world awaits our message. ▼



Gay Cable Network

THURSDAYS

Pride & Progress

- | | |
|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 10:30 pm | <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Gay Week in Review• Act-Up• GCN Close-Up• Sports• Lavender Health |
|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

- | | |
|----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 11:00 pm | The Right Stuff <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Naming Names• All About Women• Media Watch• Staying Out• Around the Country• Razor Sharp |
|----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

SUNDAYS

Men & Films

- | | |
|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 11:30 pm | Reviews of male erotica along with interviews behind the scenes with film stars |
|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

MONDAYS

Be My Guest

- | | |
|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 10:00 pm | Sybil Bruncheon hosts a panel game show with surprise guests.
Frankie Loves Johnny An original gay soap opera. |
|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Gay Cable Network
32 Union Square East, Suite 1217
New York, NY 10003
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Celebrating our 7th year.

GOING OUT

AN EVENTS CALENDAR

Send calendar items to:
 Rick X, Going Out
 Box 790
 New York, NY 10108

Items must be received by Monday to be included in the following week's issue.

MONDAY DECEMBER 11

METRO NEW YORK/NAMES PROJECT Accepting Gifts for PWAs this and next week, for holiday stockings; help with wrapping and preparing gifts also appreciated; 459-4366

WOMEN ABOUT Cut-off date for winter hike, 874-2104

THE NETWORK Holiday Party of 1000, a benefit for The Center's Network Room project; hosted by ten major lesbian/gay professional groups; in the Grand Foyer of Lincoln Center's State Theater; 6:30-9:30 pm; \$50-\$500; 517-0380

LESBIANS AND GAYS OF FLATBUSH and GAY AND LESBIAN ALLIANCE OF BROOKLYN COLLEGE Rap Session: *The Messages We Receive About Sexuality from Family, Peers, Religion and the Media*; at Brooklyn College Student Union, Campus Rd & E 27 St; 7:30-9:30 pm; 718/859-9437

TUESDAY DECEMBER 12

WOMEN ABOUT Cut-off date for Cross-Country Adirondack Ski Weekend, 874-2104

MEDIA NETWORK, BROOKLYN AIDS TASK FORCE and THE DEPT. OF HEALTH present a Video Preview of "innovative AIDS/HIV educational videos...plus a discussion of how to rent or borrow these tapes for your organization"; at CFPC Women's Clinic, 910 E 172 St, the Bronx; 2-4 pm; free; 991-9810

NEW YORK CITY GAY & LESBIAN ANTI-VIOLENCE PROJECT Holiday Celebration and Farewell to David Wertheimer, AVP's Executive Director; \$30-\$100; rsvp by 12/5, 807-6761 (AVP, 208 W 13 St, NY, NY 10011)

KATHEXIS COVEN Open Circle Meditation and Ritual marking the Full Moon and in praise of the God/dess; in The Center's garden, 208 W 13 St; 7-7:30 pm; \$1; 620-7310

CONGREGATION BETH SIMCHAT TORAH Tuesday Night Video Film Festival: *Garden of the Finzi-Contini's*; 57 Bethune St (Westbeth Complex, up center courtyard ramp); 8 pm; free; 989-9498

2ND TUESDAYS AT The Center presents John Preston, author of *Franny: The Queen of Provincetown* and editor of *Dispatches: Writers Confront AIDS*; at 208 W 13 St; 8 pm; \$3; 620-7310

CENTER STAGE sees *Gypsy*, with Tyne Daly; at the St. James Theatre, 336 W 20 St; 8 pm; \$60; 620-7310

WNET-TV/13 Intercom: *The Search for Equality*, an historical and contemporary approach to "how equality fits into our constitutional system," with Barbara Jordan, Gary Wills, and Solicitor General Charles Fried; 11:30 pm - 12:30 am

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 13

SIESCAPE at TWENTY/TWENTY Closed for Private Party (also closed next week)

GAY WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB Dance and Fundraiser at the Cubby Hole, 438 Hudson St; 5 pm - ??; \$2; info 718/857-1793

BREADSTIX Art Exhibition: *Private Obsession*, by Michael Huhn and Alan Byron Hampshire; through DEC 17; 113-24

Queens Blvd; 6-11 pm; 718/263-0300

ASIANS AND FRIENDS/NY Members Meet Members, at Manila Bar and Restaurant, 31 W 21 St; 6-8 pm; member info 673-2596 (every 2nd/4th Wednesday)

THE GLINES presents The Opening of *An MGM Christmas* and *Ob Mary, Don't Ask*, two camp Christmas musicals; *An MGM Christmas*, with "appearances by Peggy Lee, Ethel Merman, Kate Smith, Marlene Dietrich, Lana Turner and Ava Gardner," at 7 pm; *Ob Mary, Don't Ask*, which "ends with madcap abandon at the Bethlehem Hilton," at 9:30 pm; at the Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St (west of 7th Ave); \$10 per show; 869-3530 (WED-SAT, at these times, this and next weekend only)

CONGREGATION BETH SIMCHAT TORAH Jewish Education Courses; tonight: Mel Rosen's Workshop/Discussion on Issues that Confront Us as Lesbian and Gay Jews at 7:30 pm; Biblical Women: *Rachel & Roots of the Shekinah Tradition* at 8 pm; at 57 Bethune St; info 929-9498

SCRABBLE PLAYERS' CLUB Game Night for men and women; at The Center, 208 W 13 St, 2nd Floor; 8 pm; \$4 (and bring a board); 620-7310

MEN OF ALL COLORS TOGETHER/NY Dance Outing to Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre; at City Center, 131 W 55 St; 8 pm; \$15/\$25; 222-9794, 245-6366

GAY MEN'S HEALTH CRISIS Eroticizing Safer Sex Workshop, to learn the how-to's of playing more safely while meeting other men; at The Center, 208 W 13 St; 8-10:30 pm; free, no registration required; 807-6655, TDD 645-7470

GAY MALE S/M ACTIVISTS Meeting: *S/M on \$5 a Scene*, with tips on scouring hardware, houseware, army/navy surplus and pet stores to assemble a

prepared by Rick X
 with information from
 The Gay & Lesbian Switchboard of
 New York

For more information or referrals, to
 rap, or to volunteer, call the GLSB
 daily, noon to midnight, 212-777-1800

basic kit of "pervertibles" on a budget; at The Center, 3rd Floor, 208 W 13 St; 8:30 pm; \$5; 727-9878

EAGLE BAR Movie Night: *Working Girl*; 142 11th Ave (at 21 St); 11 pm; 691-8451

THURSDAY DECEMBER 14

THE GLINES presents *An MGM Christmas* and *Ob Mary, Don't Ask*, see DEC 13

GOD'S LOVE WE DELIVER Benefit Auction at the Ninth Circle, with host, Tree; 50-60 items, including Gloria Swanson's plates; 139 W 10 St (btwn Greenwich Ave and Waverly Pl); 8:30 pm; bar 243-9204, God's Love 874-1193

FRIDAY DECEMBER 15

THE GLINES presents *An MGM Christmas* and *Ob Mary, Don't Ask*, see DEC 13

THE ANSWER IS LOVING Women Talking Women's Talk: "Alone/Lonely/All Ones Apart from, feeling of isolation, longing for, uniquely self. By choice" led by Ruth Berman and Connie Kurtz; Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn; 7:45-10 pm; \$8; 718/998-2305

MEN OF ALL COLORS TOGETHER/NY Educational Forum: *Looking Beyond Our Borders—How and Why We Support Change Abroad*; with a panel of human rights activists discussing Africa, Central America and Ireland; at The Center, 208 W 13 St; 7:45 pm; 222-9794, 245-6366

GAY MEN OF AFRICAN DESCENT Discussion: *Ukweangela: The Divided Self*, on the conflicts of prioritizing the Black/Latino vs. the Gay identity; in the Charles Angel/People of Color Room at The Center, 208 W 13 St; 8 pm; 620-7310

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS THEATER STUDIO presents Robert Patrick's *The Haunted Host*; 432 W 42 St; 8 pm; \$10-\$12; 564-8038 (also SAT and SUN)

SATURDAY DECEMBER 16

GAY MEN'S HEALTH CRISIS Workshop: *Keep It Up!*, to "reaffirm the importance of safer sex, and feel confident about saying yes, whether you're into casual sex or serious dating, and no matter what your HIV status is"; at The Center, 208 W 13 St; noon - 6 pm; register 806-6655, TDD 645-7470

SAGE *Ring in the Holidays* Social, with music, dancing, food, drink; at PS 3, Hudson St at Grove St (1 blk south of Christopher); 1-5 pm; \$10 non-members/\$8 members (or pay \$2 less, in advance); rsvp 741-2247

CONGREGATION B'NAI JESHRUN Shabbat Spiritual Gathering for people with AIDS and their loved ones; luncheon, music, conversation, study, worship service; 257 W 88 St; 2 pm; free; 787-7600

PEOPLE WITH AIDS COALITION Singles' Tea, for PWAs, PWArCs, HIV+s; 222 W 11 ST, 3-5:30 pm; 532-0568

JOSEPH PAPP'S FILM AT THE PUBLIC presents Vito Russo's *The Celluloid Closet*, the film and lecture series on the history of homosexuality in the movies; 425 Lafayette St; 3 pm; 598-7171 (also tomorrow, same time)

CENTER KIDS Holiday Party for gay/lesbian parents and their children, in Chelsea; leave message at The Center, 620-7310, for info

NONSMOKING LESBIAN NETWORK Dinner and Show, 718/998-2536 till 10 pm

MARANATHA:RIVERSIDERS FOR LESBIAN/GAY CONCERNs Christmas Dinner at Riverside Church, 6-10 pm; 222-5900

AIDS CENTER OF QUEENS COUNTY sees 3 Dollar Bill Company's *Adam and the Experts*, "a dark comedy about friendship and survival in the era of AIDS"; at the Apple Corps Theater, 336 W 20 St; 7 pm; \$18; rsvp with Gary or Howard at 718/896-2500, TDD 718/896-2985

THE GLINES presents *An MGM Christmas* and *Ob Mary, Don't Ask*, see DEC 13

NY AREA BISEXUAL NETWORK Annual Holiday Party, 7 pm at a member's home, 718/353-8245

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS THEATER STUDIO presents Robert Patrick's *The Haunted Host*, see DEC 15

BROOKLYN WOMEN'S MARTIAL ARTS Benefit Concert: Casselberry-DuPree with Toshi Reagon & Annette A. Aguilar; at Borough of Manhattan Community College, 199 Chambers St (btwn West & Greenwich Sts); 8 pm; \$15 advance/\$20 door; tix 212/618-1980, info 718/788-1775

ASIANS AND FRIENDS/NY 3rd Saturday Social and Christmas Party, with "food and fun"; at The Center, 208 W 13 St, 3rd Floor; 8 pm; member info 673-2596

GIRTH AND MIRTH Holiday Party at The Center, 208 W 13 St; 8:30 pm

FRONT RUNNERS Holiday Party at Nimbus 22, 22 7th Ave South; \$15; 874-7066

SPECTRUM DISCO presents Company B, singing "Fascinated"; 802 64th St, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn (N train to 8th Ave stop); opens at 9 pm; 718/238-8213

SUNDAY DECEMBER 17

BISEXUAL PRIDE Focus Group: *Relationships: Beginnings and Endings*; at The Center, 208 W 13 St, 3 pm, \$5, 718/353-8245

JOSEPH PAPP'S FILM AT THE PUBLIC presents Vito Russo's *The Celluloid Closet*, see DEC 16

3-DOLLAR BILL THEATER presents *Adam and the Experts*, in its closing performance; Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W 20 St; 3 pm; 989-3750 (TUES-FRI at 8 pm, SAT at 7 & 10 pm, SUN at 3 pm)

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS THEATER STUDIO presents Robert Patrick's *The Haunted Host*, last performance; see DEC 15

TUESDAY

DECEMBER 19

PROFESSIONALS IN FILM/VIDEO First Annual Holiday Party, for members and guests, music, dancing, refreshments; at The Center, 208 W 13 St; tix 645-3351

WEDNESDAY

DECEMBER 20

TWENTY/TWENTY Closed for Private Party, Shescape party for women returns next week, 5-10 pm

GAY CIRCLES Workshop: *Surviving Gay Break-Ups*, helping gay men to "explore the painful feelings created by lover break-ups and find ways to support each other during the adjustment to becoming single again"; at The Center, 7-10 pm; \$6; rsvp with Sam Mintz-Straus, 486-1256, or John Miller, 598-9680

EAGLE BAR Movie Night: *The Dream Team*; 142 11th Ave (at 21 St); 11 pm; 691-8451

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12

NYC GAY & LESBIAN ANTI-VIOLENCE PROJECT Holiday Celebration

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13

GAY WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB Dance and Fundraiser

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16

SAGE *Ring in the Holidays* Social
NY AREA BISEXUAL NETWORK Annual Holiday Party
CENTER KIDS Holiday Party
MARANATHA: RIVERSIDERS FOR LESBIAN/GAY CONCERNs Christmas Dinner

BROOKLYN MARTIAL ARTS Benefit Concert: Casselberry-DuPree
GIRTH AND MIRTH Holiday Party at The Center
FRONT RUNNERS Holiday Party at Nimbus 22

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19

PROFESSIONALS IN FILM/VIDEO First Annual Holiday Party at the Center

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20

NEW YORK CITY GAY MEN'S CHORUS 10th Anniversary Holiday Concert

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21

NEW YORK CITY GAY MEN'S CHORUS 10th Anniversary Holiday Concert

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22

CONGREGATION BETH SIMCHAT TORAH Chanukah First Evening Dinner

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23

CONGREGATION BETH SIMCHAT TORAH Chanukah Dance

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24

NY AREA BISEXUAL NETWORK Holiday Brunch

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29

COMMITTEE OF OUTRAGED LESBIANS, GAY MEN OF AFRICAN DESCENT, MEN OF ALL COLORS TOGETHER, SALSA SOUL SISTERS Kwanzaa Fair, Feast and Festival

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30

MEN OF ALL COLORS TOGETHER Day of Indulgence

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31

CENTER DANCE COMMITTEE New Year's Eve Ball

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OUTWEEK BAR GUIDE

WEST SIDE

Bike Stop West, 230 W. 75th St., 874-9014, Neighborhood bar, occasional entertainment.

Candle Bar, 309 Amsterdam Ave., 874-9155, Friendly leather/western bar.

Cat's, 730 8th Ave., 221-7559, Older men, younger guys

Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St., 757-0788, Sing-along piano bar and cabaret.

Jason's, 23 W. 73rd St.

Sally's Hideaway, 264 W. 43rd St., 221-9152

Town & Country, 9th Ave at 46th St., 307-1503

Trix, 246 W. 48 St. (bet. Bdwy & 8th Ave), 664-8331, Cash and carry.

The Works, 428 Columbus Ave (at 81st), 799-7365, Cruisy west side crowd.

EAST SIDE

Brandy's Piano Bar, 235 E. 84th St., 650-1944, Sing-along piano bar.

G.H. Club, 353 E. 53rd St., 223-9752, Piano bar, mature crowd.

Johnny's Pub, 123 E. 47th St., 355-8714, Neighborhood restaurant and bar.

Regent East, 204 E. 58th St., 355-9465

Rounds, 303 E. 53rd St., 593-0807, Friendly guys, checkbook romance.

South Dakota, 405 3rd Ave., 684-8376

Star Sapphire, 400 E. 59th St., 688-4710

EAST VILLAGE

The Bar, 68 2nd Ave. (at 4th St.), 674-9714, East Villagers and ACT UPers.

Boy Bar, 15 St. Mark's Pl., 674-7959, Dancing / Drag shows.

The Pyramid, 101 Avenue A, 420-1590, Dancing / Drag shows.

Tunnel Bar, 116 1st Ave (7th St.), 777-9232 W. Village crowd in the E. Village.

WEST VILLAGE

The Annex (to Cellblock 28), 673 Hudson St. (bet. 13th & 14th), 627-1140, J/O Club.

Badlands, Christopher & West St., 741-9236, Cruisy waterfront bar.

Boots & Saddle, 76 Christopher St., 929-9684, Funky dive and juke joint.

Cellblock 28, 28 9th Ave, 733-3144, J/O club.

The Cubbyhole, 438 Hudson (Morton St), 243-9079, Neighborhood bar for gay women & men.

D.T.'s Fat Cat, 281 W. 12th St., 243-9041, Piano bar. Mixed M/F.

Duchess II, 70 Grove St (7th Ave.), 242-1408, Women.

J's, 675 Hudson St., 242-9292, J/O club.

Julius, 159 W. 10th St., 929-9672, Serving Coors, Coors Lite, & Coors Draft.

Keller's, 384 West St. (at Christopher), 243-1907, Friendly neighborhood crowd.

Kelly's Village West, 46 Bedford St., 929-9322, Piano bar.

The Locker Room, 400 W. 14th St. (9th Ave), 459-4299, J/O club.

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Marie's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (7th Ave), 243-9323, Sing-along piano bar.

The Monster, 80 Grove St. (7th Ave.), 924-3558, Piano bar & disco/dancing.

Nimbus 22, 22 7th Ave. South, 691-4826, Dancing, pinball, pool, lounge.

Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St., 243-9204, Younger crowd.

Ramrod, 185 Christopher St.

Sneakers, 392 West St., 242-9830.

Two Potato, 145 Christopher St., 242-9340.

Ty's, 114 Christopher St., 741-9641, Cruisy neighborhood bar.

Uncle Charlie's, 56 Greenwich Ave., 255-8787, Huge video bar.

CHELSEA

Barbary Coast, 64 7th Ave. (14th St.), 675-0385, Friendly, neighborhood bar.

The Break, 232 8th Ave. (22nd St.), 627-0072.

Chelsea Transfer, 131 8th Ave. (bet. 16th & 17th), 929-7183, Neighborhood English pub.

Eagle's Nest, 142 11th Ave (21st St.), 691-8451, Leather / Levi's.

Private Eyes, 12 W. 21st St. (bet. 5th & 6th), 206-7770, Dancing, Video Club.

Rawhide, 212 8th Ave., (21st St.), Leather / Levi's.

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Tracks, 19th St. & 11th Ave., Dancing.



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New York Women Against Rape, a non-profit Anti-violence organization is looking for a p/t Outreach/Trainer Coordinator. Resp. include: recruiting volunteers to do speaking on the Lower East Side on sexual assault, co-facilitating counselor trainings, organizing bi-monthly orientations for new volunteers, crisis counseling, and aiding the development of outreach, publicity, and literature to disseminate throughout the community. SKIP A LINE Qual. should include: 1 yr counseling exp., 1 yr community organizing exp., working knowledge of the Lower East Side and Chinatown helpful, Bilingual (Span/Eng) preferred. If interested send resume and cover letter to Search Committee, NYWAR, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10003. Women of Color and Lesbians encouraged to apply.

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PERSPECTIVES

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BROOKLYN MEN
GWM, 28, 5'1", said to be attractive, seeks friends in Bklyn. Do U like B52's, Eurythmics, and Patsy Cline? R U sick of phony people in bars, don't think it's a sin to stay home on Sat nite or think sometimes cuddling can be as good as sex? Drop a note w/phone and we'll take in a film or (warning: Gay cliche ahead) have brunch. Ability to laugh/cry at the world is important; race is not. Outweek Box 1795

PWA

ACTIVE AND VITAL
GWM, 37, 5'11", 163lbs, widow of six months after Byr. Relationship. Looking to get back into life/love/lust. Full-work Airline Mgr, likes to travel w/someone special though I'll set off the metal detector due to Portacath for CMV treatment. Favorite dates: theater, dinner, bed, dinner in bed, dinner in bed watching Mon. CBS TV; MCAA VBall & Bowling. We've got to

make the most of life - its better doing it together. Outweek Box 1796

TOO SHY IN BARS

To meet people, but too long since my last date. GWM, 5'7", Br/Br, clean-shaven, avg lbs, a tad overwt but fighting it, 45, youthful attitude, Ivy educ, fin secure, prof'l, str-appearing but definitely

interested in romantic dates, friendship, poss. rel. Smoking & moderate drinking ok. (I do both) but no drugs. Write Outweek Box 1799

PASSION PLAY

Creative, idealistic, spiritual, and (reputedly), very cute GM, teacher/writer, 31, 5'11", 160lbs, Br/Br, seeks friend of the

sex only fags: fashion victims; meeting tops; clones of all types; retail queens; eurotrash; overly politicized ACTUP queers; East Village Black Cult; Actor/...; being too cool to chat; XTC love; accessorizing; name-droppers; only House, Disco, New Wave; morning after "Lovers"; going out to be seen; and most of all Char-

sate; students or employed; age 21 to 35, any race. Into same. No drugs or heavy drinkers please. Letter, phone, photo, appreciated. Outweek Box 1798

KOSHER GWM INTO S/M

Attr. intel. GJM seeks similar sp/s or cp/s for talk, Shabbat, movies and maybe more. Me: 5'11", 190, br/hz, 36. Interests include existentialism, masochism, social service, cock-sucking, theatre. You: strong but not selfish. Ltr and phone (too a +) to PO Box 2520 Times Square Station, NYC, 10108.

IT TAKES TWO:

GWF, 21, 5'6" femme, black spiky hair, (Joan Jett lover), into wearing black, rock and metal music, concerts, gay clubs. Learning guitar. Seeking a hot-blooded caring GWF, 19-25+, very pretty butch/femme into same, with dark hair pref. (black and spiky). Looking for special friendship and hopefully an intimate, monogamous relationship. Smoker preferred. No drugs. Please send a detailed letter, phone and photo if possible to P.O. Box 645 Peck Slip Station, New York, NY 10272.

BiWM, 21, 6', TAN and blond seeking older BiWM who knows the meaning of relationships and is not into bars. I'm Romantic, arts student, involved in NYC art world, into outdoors, monogamy. Drop me a line soon if you're under 30, with a photo. Box 402 SUNY, Purchase, NY 10577-1400.

WAY FUN!!!

GWM, 27, writer, very funny, very bright, very hairy. Loves: The B-52's, Douglas Sirk movies, British magazines, polka dots, hot hors d'oeuvres, "Munsters" reruns, ice cream in pints, tall men who look good in baggy grey sweatpants, french doors, Warhol's Tunafish Disaster, and the taste of

PERSONALS OF THE WEEK

SOMEWHAT NEW TO NYC

GWM, 26, Boyishly handsome gym queen, w ho is TIRED of: closeted gay for sex only fags: fashion victims; meeting tops; clones of all types; retail queens; eurotrash; overly politicized ACTUP queers; East Village Black Cult; Actor/...; being too cool to chat; XTC love; accessorizing; name-droppers; only House, Disco, New

Wave; morning after "Lovers"; going out to be seen; and most of all Charlies. Send note and photo to TIRED, PO Box 102p, NYC 10011.

R U THE ONE

GF, Hispanic, 31, 5'2", seeks attractive, fun-minded feminine GWF or Latin 25+ for friendship and hopefully more. Pls send photo/phone/ltr to Outweek Box 1782

"out" & not reluctant to enjoy a man's company in public. On good terms w/ ex-wife & awesome 12-yr-old daughter. Diverse interests, open to new experiences & ideas. Work midtown, live Lower 5th Avenue. Seeking unattached GWM 30-50, fin stable, prof'l w/strong mind, maturity to avoid self-centered attitude.

heart for intimate touching both sensual and emotional. If you have a quick wit, a hardy laugh an open heart, and a passion for play, please reply Outweek Box 1800

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GWM, 26, Boyishly handsome gym queen, w ho is TIRED of: closeted gay for

lies. Send note and photo to TIRED, PO Box 102p, NYC 10011.

GAY ASIAN SEEKS GM

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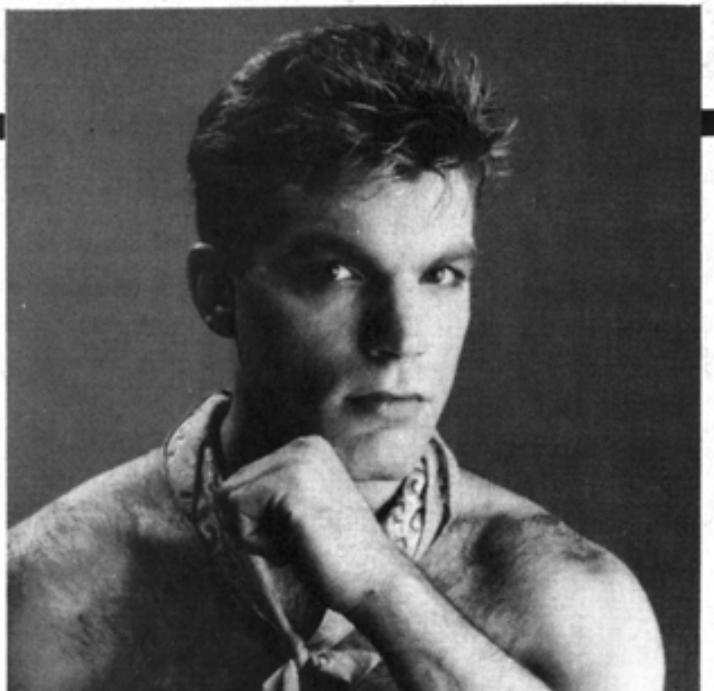
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coffee first thing in the morning. Hates Sade, Stephen King novels, dinner partners who stack plates, low-vamp shoes, small dreams, Greek food, a lack of disco appreciation, impersonal apartments, and anyone who watches "thirtysomething" because it reminds him so much of his own life. Would like to meet a bright, funny sensitive man, 24-35, with a love/hate list of his own. Send it and a picture (it doesn't have to be of you) to Outweek Box 1787

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Wild and crazy, yet serious and sensitive hip professional GWM (29, br, bl, 150, 5'11") Lower East Sider who enjoys films, books, live music and theatre seeks smart and cute potential partner 25-35 to create the quintessential NYC life together. (Exene fans a plus) Write and send photo today! P.O. Box 5 NY, NY 10185.

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Irving or Guisewite, Pachelbel or House, diverse 28 year old handsome GWM seeks mate. Me: 5'8", 155 lbs., Grv/Brn, gym body built for hugs, mind geared for laughter and soul made to share. Photo and letter- Outweek Box 1789

NEED A SPANKING?

Attr guy 43, 6', 160lbs, will put you across his knee and pull down your underpants & spank you till you promise to behave. Am into fantasy - not pain. Beginners welcome. Box 1316, FDR STN, NYC, 10150. Sincere replies only.

**MIDHUDSON
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Newburgh/Poolepsie area, GWM, 41, 5'9", attractive, bearded, stocky build, dk blnd/bl gry, sense of humor, creative, intelligent, spiritual, cultured, warm. ISO, non-smoking, area lover/companion/friend, 30-50, similar qualities & sense of values. Any race ok, but prefer dark, hairy, stocky/

muscular/wiry. Discretion & your place needed. Photo (returned) & phone, please. Boxholder, PO Box 52, Glenham, NY 12527.

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Nice-guy stud with lover seeks safe sex buddy on the side. I am GWM, 35, 6'1", 190, Brd shldrs, masc, muscular, athleti uc, smooth BB, GO type w/out attitude. Am not seeking lover, just lean, masc, musc, sex buddy. Friendly hard-bodied non-kinky guy for uncomplicated sex needed, 22-42 yrs. Race unimportant. Photo pls, will rtn. Outweek Box 1767

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Jock, 25, Italian, slim, athletic, clean-cut, gentle yet strong, fun, seeks attractive, submissive, femme-TV-TS to service me off. Campus after work-outs/classes PO Box 20015, NYC, 10028.

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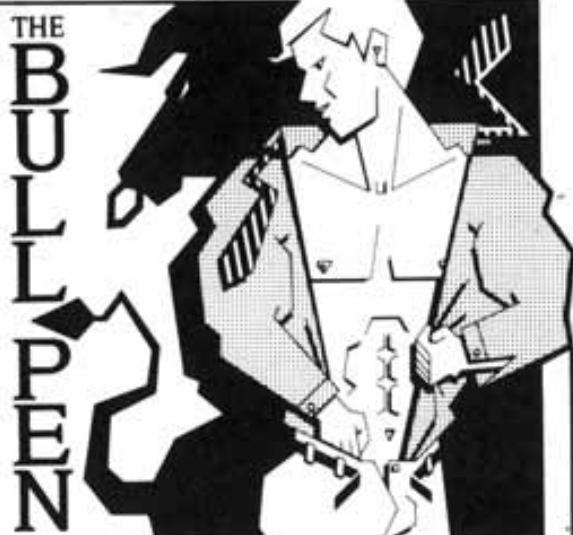
GWM, 21, 5'9", 140 lbs., very cute college lifeguard, new to scene and shy when meeting men seeks other attractive GWM to 28. Photo/phone a must to Brian, P.O. Box 219, SUNY, Binghamton, NY, 13901.

**COMPLEX AND
CUTE**

I'm a dark-haired, lean and handsome GWM, 40, 5'9", 150 lbs., into movies, politics, theatre and friends. I'd like to meet a smart, cute and sensitive guy (probably younger) to enjoy life with. Photo (if possible) POB 1123, NYC 10011.

ACTIVIST

Politically progressive GM in 40's, attractive, seeking male 40 to 50. Any race to date. Involved in HIV-related work professionally. Also volunteer. Love music Classical, R&B, Jazz, film. Am a published writer and poet. No drugs/alcohol. Write Outweek Box 1777



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WHO READS ADS?
I don't either, but thought I'd try something different. GWM, successful, seeking best friend and lover. Financial Executive with diverse interests: Gay Men's Chorus, counseling, Co-Chairman of my church's Gay Fellowship. Looking for someone who responds to the person I am: good sense of humor, romantic, interests outside of self, tall and attractive. Write Outweek Box 1723.

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SEEKS LATIN
FEMME
GWF, 29, 5'2", honest and educated. Likes all sports & music, seeks a Latin lady, 20-35 Lesbian, who likes to share special moments & maybe a serious relationship. I speak Spanish. Please no drugs & Butches. Outweek Box 1723.

GAY AND
INTERRACIAL
GJM, 40, 5'10", 155 lbs., cute, blue eyes and wise desires masculine Black top man, 30 and older. Sensitive and mature to explore who we are. Fotophone if possible. P.O. Box 20, NYC, NY 10012.

ROMANTIC ARTIST
Loving passionate artist/designer, 37yr, Wm looking to meet a similar guy who is sensitive, caring, loving, intuitive, creative, witty, healthy, loving guy for relationship. Please write with photo.

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SOMEONE LIKE ME
A Man's man who knowingly has nothing to hide and doesn't need to tell the world of his sexual preference simply because it's not necessary. Someone who's watched guys give his handsome masc/musc appearance the once-over; guys who never imagined that he, too, was a GWM. We alike so far? Read on. Someone who now needs a significant friend/buddy/lover: age 30+, height comparable to weight, a solid, well-defined body and mind is most important; clean shaven and smooth a+. Let's be two hot guys who aren't bothered by society's stupidity and ignorance and who'll sleep in each other's arms after a hot sweaty session of love-making. Pass this by and you'll regret it. Only serious bottoms need reply. Photo/Phone/Letter. Write OutWeek Box 1722.

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Very goodlooking Gd Build GWM 34, 5'2", 190lb, Hot Bottom wants Hot Top for sale GR/Spanking/Toys/EN M etc. Especially like big guys my age or older, or hung, or muscular, but like all top guys into tits and my great butt. Write Box 1602 Old Chelsea Stn, New York, NY 10011.

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So much better when shared with someone special. I could be that someone. Goodlooking, GBM, 30yrs, 5'9", 150lbs, desires to relocate and start a new, with you. A mature, sincere, affluent, and indulgent kind of guy who would enjoy my company, for dining, movies, walks, quiet evenings at home, and travel. (race, age unimportant). I firmly believe that fantasy can become a reality. Write W/Ph, will gladly reply to all. DSP, PO Box 4132, Oak Park, IL 60303, Ciao!

in 30's for occas roll in the hay. I am handsome, bearded, 38, 5'10", 165lb, literate, successful, horny man. Fantasies run a little rough - boxing a turn-on, jockstraps & sweat. But don't let that scare you. This is new for me too. Discretion, affection & hot weekday mornings - that's all I'm after. Take a chance. Outweek Box 1753

MID-30'S GOODLOOKING

In-shape, creative, lovers open to meeting similar types, singles/duos for sensual safe sex, into music, art, movies & other turn-ons. We're friendly, hot & secure. Letter/Photo/Phone to JR Box 29, 201 Washington Street, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

DADDY'S BOY

GWM, 37, 210lbs, hny chest, seeks son for dinner, movies, sex, role play (Daddy's pleasure & possibly yours) Poss rela t. Prefer smooth & large pistol but will consider others. Replys with photo, letter, tel no., get Ans too: Dad, LTS, 20278, NYC, 10011.

TAKE IT OFF!

Take it all off! And strut your stuff for admiring group of 6-10 friends (30ish). Dance a little & have a lot of fun. Send photo & requirements to PO Box 5725, Woolsey Station, LIC, NY 11105. Good dancer preferred. Cute, hot, boyish body required.

400 POUNDS PLUS

GWM, 37, 210lbs,

seeks very fat man for good times, dinner, movies, safe sex, possible relationship, for the guy who steals my heart. Replys with explicit photo, letter, tel no., get answer. Write BML, 20053, LTS, NYC, 10011.

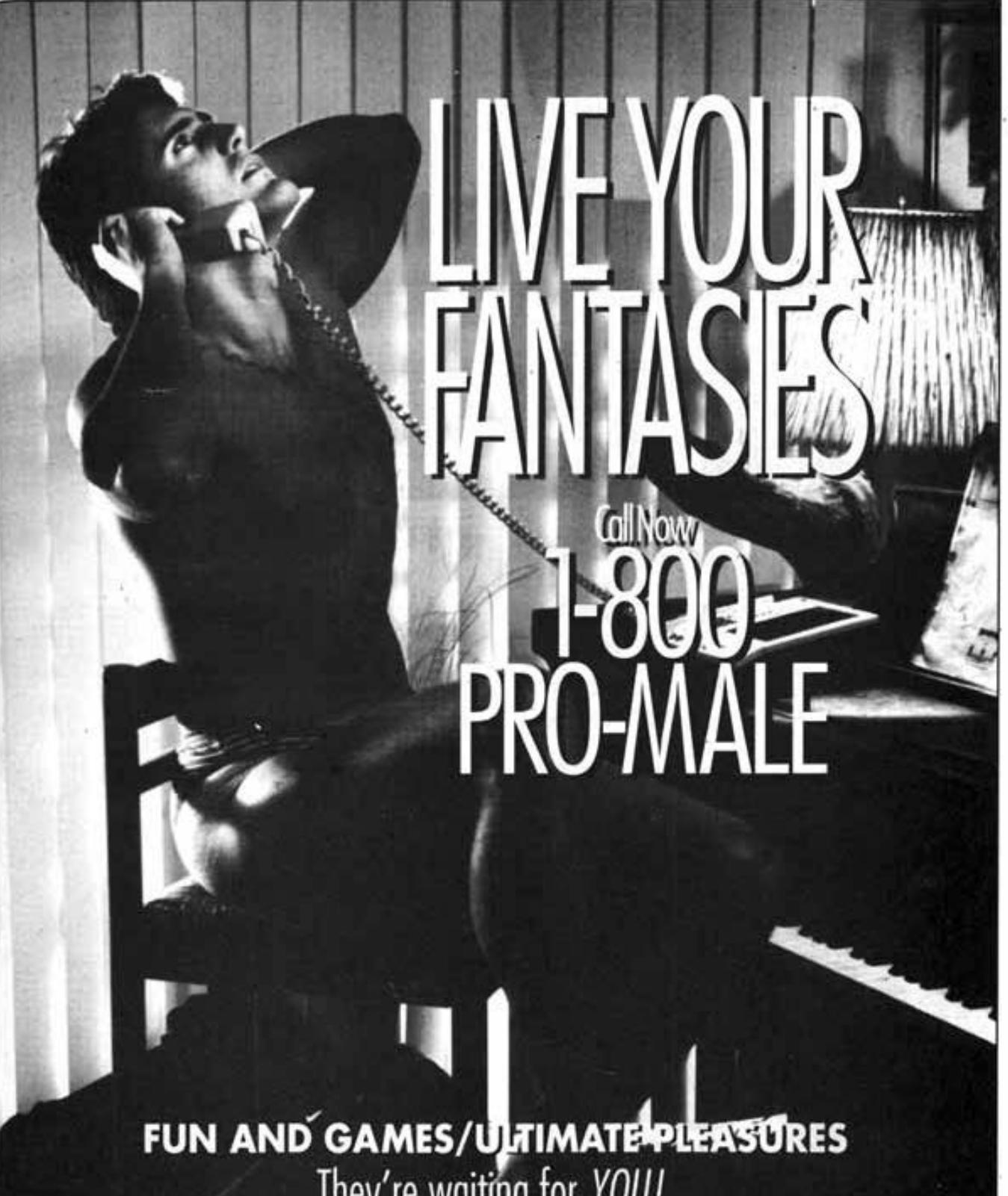
I WOULD LIKE TO MEET

A well built Bi or Gay masc guy for friendship and/or reltnshp. Me: GWM, 39, 5'10", 170lbs, Masc, Gdkg, clean-cut, discreet. I have a car - Suburbs

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Must be 18 years of age.

ok. Box 1534, Madison Square Stn, NY 10159.

ATHLETES ONLY

Handsome, well defined, jock, 29, 5'6", 140lbs, Bl/G, Hung-Uncut/8". Seeks other athletes only, 18-35, for erotic workouts. Hard Bodies a must. Send Photo/ Phone/Letter to Outweek Box 1760

MIDDLE AGED COSMOPOLITAN MAN;

seeks similar person; Conservative lifestyle, 50 - 60, "companion-ship, friendship and travel. Write Outweek Box 1762 Joe please set line for line. The show the line breaks.

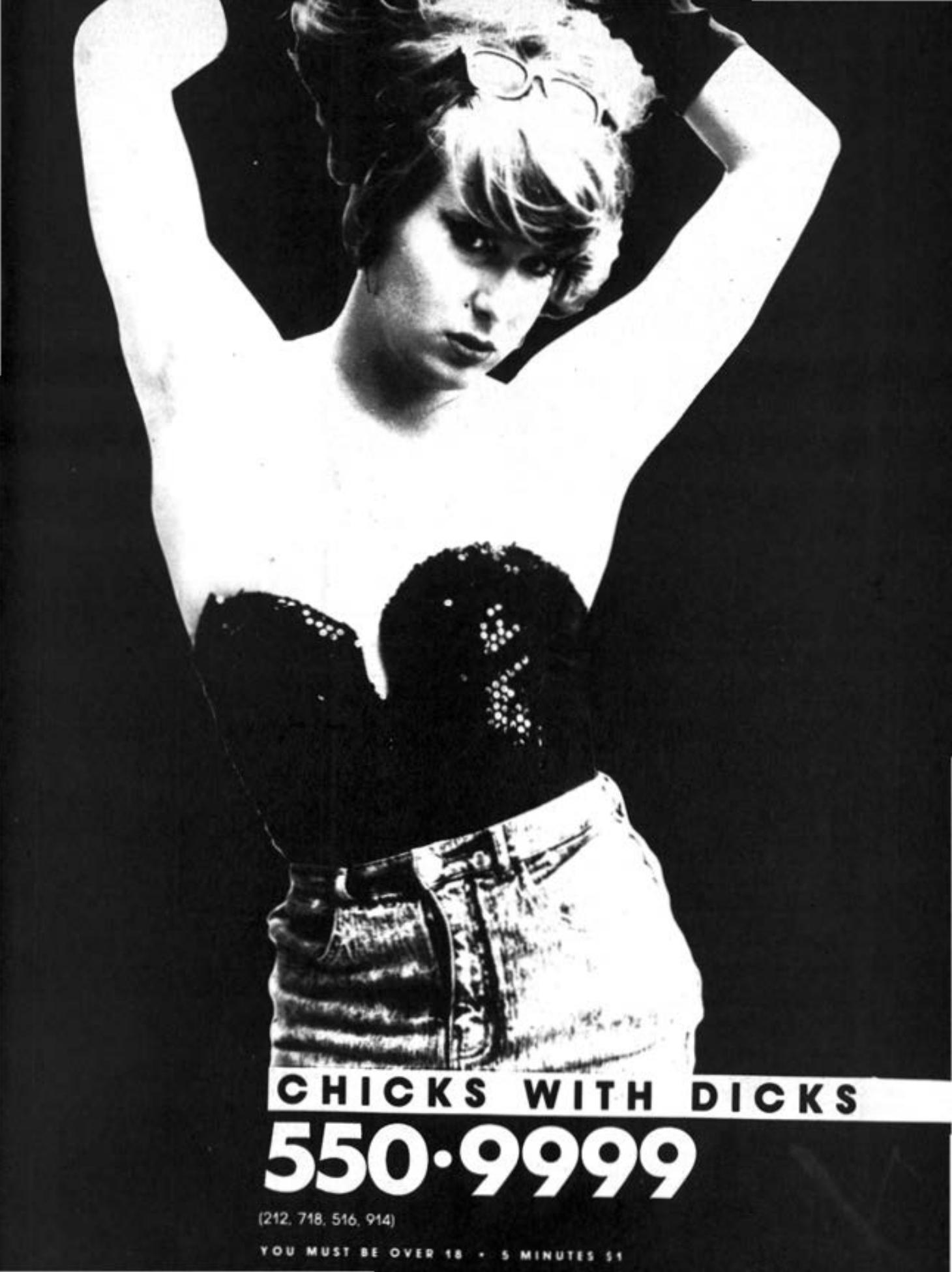
HAIRY, MUSCULAR CHEST

Desperately looking to be stroked. I'm 33, 5'8", 165lbs, bearded with black curly hair. I like travel, books, politics, dining out, theatre, movies, music, camping, hiking, and candlelight dinners. If you're 35 or younger and have a smooth chest, drop me a line. GL #15F, 496 Hudson, New York, NY 10014. Let's spend a weekend in bed!

DREAMY CRUISY QUEER

Young hunk wants whoopee with blooming earth body lover. Funky virile sexskinlicious, cock indefatigable, cum home Rockaway, blow my mind, arm in arm tongue on tongue, ablaze astride inside each other's fuckforever true gay wow! Photo/Phone gets mine. David, c/o Boxholder, PO Box 1251, New York, NY 10013.

TO PLACE
YOUR
OWN
PERSONAL,
USE THE
ORDER
FORM
ON PAGE
92



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In case of error on our part, no refunds -- additional insertions only.

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OutWeek boxes are NOT to be used for the distribution of bulk mail or advertising circulars.

FOR YOUR SAFETY, NO STREET ADDRESSES ARE PERMITTED IN THE PERSONALS SECTION.

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TOTAL ENCLOSED:

TOTAL ENCLOSED:

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Signature: _____

Return this entire page,
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Paid _____ Keyed _____ Proofed _____

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PERSONALS
FOR PEOPLE IN
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4212

INSTANT ACTION
PERSONALS
FOR PEOPLE IN
718!

540-
4718

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PERSONALS
FOR PEOPLE IN
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INTO EROTIC,
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CHICAGO from page 17

tion at NGRA, after a board meeting that gave O'Leary a "vote of confidence." But according to one source on the board who spoke on condition of anonymity, the unanimous vote of confidence was taken only after a vote to oust O'Leary narrowly failed.

According to the same source, even if O'Leary had not resigned, there were enough votes on the board "to get rid of her," after O'Leary supporter Elizabeth Luster resigned and was replaced by Leonard Graff.

The conflicts at NGRA are undoubtedly due, in part, to enormous personal conflicts among staff and board members. And while no one disputes the legality of NGRA bookkeeping under O'Leary, several serious allegations have been raised by opponents of O'Leary about the management of the firm's staff, finances, and fundraising.

Under O'Leary, who is known as a dynamo fundraiser, NGRA's annual budget has skyrocketed from \$312,474 in 1985 to an estimated \$1.6 million this year. But a draft audit of NGRA by the independent accounting firm of Peat, Marwick and Main dated October 20, when compared to the firm's 1987 tax forms, have raised questions about how much of the firm's budget went to litigation and education expenses, and how much went for fundraising, administration, O'Leary's salary and travel expenses. One undated internal memo indicated that 25 percent of all fundraising and direct mail expenses for last year were logged as litigation expenses.

Former staff members and board members have also complained that the importance of specific cases being handled by NGRA were used as a guise to raise funds, but that the money collected was used for purposes other than that specific case. O'Leary has defended the practice as a standard fundraising tactic, and it is reportedly a widespread practice among not-for-profit organizations.

Long-standing board member and former board chair Fred Ponder, who resigned in October, has accused O'Leary of using the firm's funds and resources to conduct partisan business for the Democratic National

Committee, to which O'Leary was recently appointed. Similar charges were also made by Goldstein, and by former NGRA development director William Eisentraut, who also alleged that NGRA staff time was used to type documents related to the Dukakis campaign and other Democratic Committee concerns.

Such activities could endanger the law firm's 501 (c) (3) tax exempt status, and according to *The News*, a Los Angeles-based gay bi-monthly newspaper, O'Leary has admitted to organizing a meeting between then-presidential candidate Michael Dukakis and a gay political club in Los Angeles with NGRA resources. And according to *The Washington Blade*, a D.C.-based gay weekly, O'Leary also acknowledged that she made "one trip" on DNC business that might be construed as partisan in nature.

NGRA's practice of awarding O'Leary bonuses based on net fundraising receipts was also criticized by Eisentraut and others. Ponder, however, defended the practice, as long as the percentages were based on net, rather than gross, receipts.

In a letter to NGRA board member Bill Weinberger from Charles Larson, a lawyer with the Los Angeles law firm Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher dated July 17, 1989, Larson wrote, "There are rumors floating around the community as to your executive director's employment contract that might be troublesome to the organization from a fundraising point of view. To the extent it ever became generally known that the executive director was entitled to 13 percent of contributions that were made, there could very well be a backlash."

And a November 1, 1989 confidential memo from Peat, Marwick to the board cites concerns about "internal controls" on cash flow, and accounting procedures: "We noted certain matters involving the internal control structure and its operation that we consider to be reportable conditions under standards established by the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants," the memo states.

Among the accounting problems cited in the memo were the lack of

adequate record-keeping overall, and specifically of petty cash expenditures, travel and expense reimbursements made without adequate supporting documentation, and the absence of "a formal cash receipt journal" in the Los Angeles office.

White said at last week's press conference that O'Leary was responsible for keeping such records.

As early as last May, Graff wrote to board chair White, "Overall, it would seem helpful in assessing the effectiveness of NGRA's management if we had a bookkeeping system that gave a clearer picture of exactly where dollars are spent." Graff said that a software system has been purchased to keep better internal control of cash flow in the future.

O'Leary's resignation came just over two weeks after the heads of four lesbian and gay rights organizations sent a letter to NGRA denouncing the firings of staff attorneys Schatz and Goldstein. The five were Urvashi Vaid of the National Lesbian and Gay Task Force, Tom Stoddard and Paula Etelbrick of Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, Roberta Achtenberg of San Francisco's National Center for Lesbian Rights and Kevin Cathcart of the Gay and Lesbian Advocates and Defenders in Boston.

The board is reportedly discussing whether to now rehire Goldstein and Schatz. ▼

—Sandy Dwyer also contributed to this article.

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**Heavy
Boots**

A circular library stamp with the text "B & D LIBRARY" at the top and "HARVEY FIST" at the bottom.

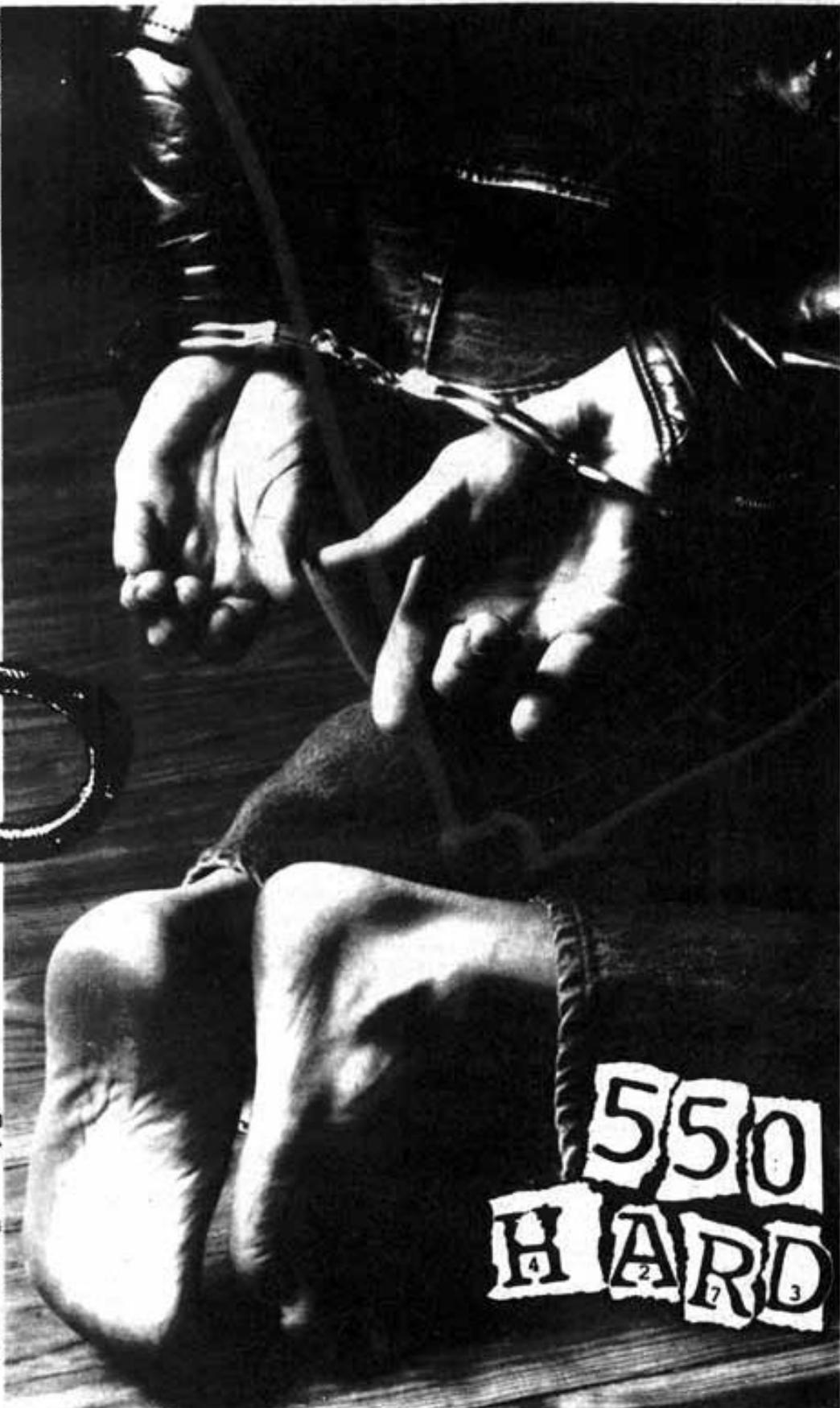
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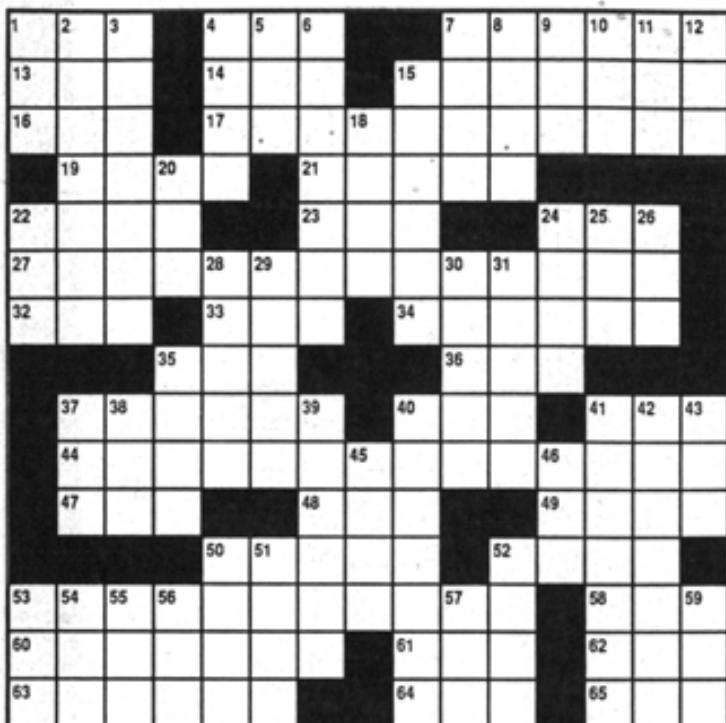
550 HARD



OutWeek Crossword: LESBIAN LEGENDS OF HARLEM

by Phil Greco

Edited by Gabriel Rotello



SOLUTION IN NEXT WEEK'S OUTWEEK ON SALE MONDAY

ACROSS

- "God Bless _____ Child"
- M. Jackson hit
- _____ Bentley
- Aries animal
- Nuwas
- Brass instrument
- Little devil
- SINGER SHODS HORSES?
- Meditate
- Belief
- Uterus: comb. form
- 17 Rooms, or What Do Lesbians Do In _____?
- Pop band
- SINGER MAKES BREAD?
- Not ques.
- Bear offspring
- Peruse again
- Sea bird
- Purge
- Williams' _____ of Adjustment
- Whiskey

- Cup
- SINGER IS FESTIVE?
- Carbon compound: suffix
- Reed or Rawls
- Solid composed of squares
- Markets
- Rebel _____
- ENTERTAINER CHOPS ONIONS?
- Alphabet letters
- Robinson, et al
- Fish eggs
- Village bar
- Alberta _____
- To _____ With Love
- Compass dir.

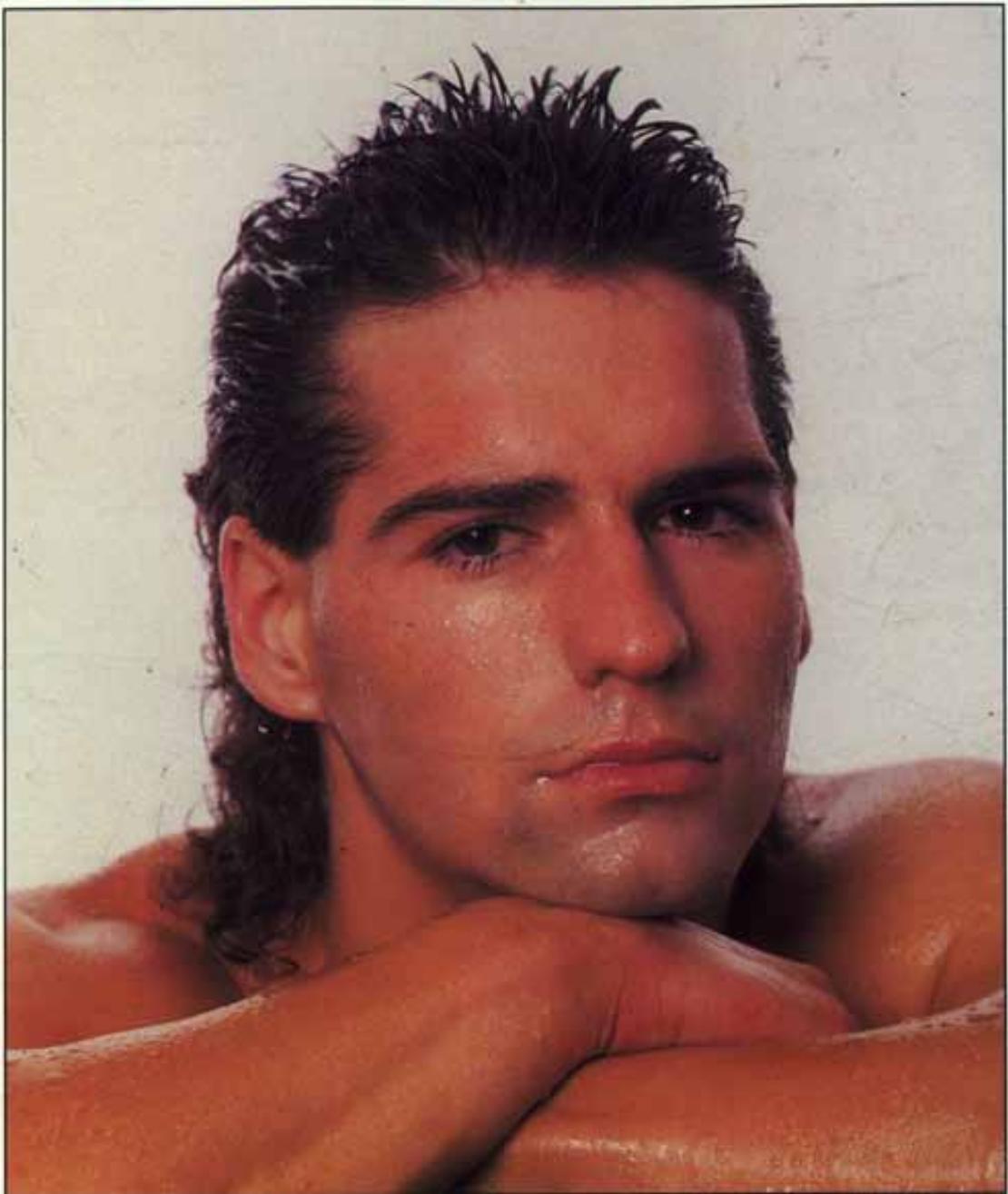
DOWN

- Three: prefix
- Harlem great Mabel _____
- The Scarlet _____
- "_____ Love"
- Honest _____
- Trash unit
- Dial: agree

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE



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